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THE STORY OF THE DOCUMENTARY FILM

BY JOHN GRIERSON

THE so-called 'documentary' film commands more and more public attention. That word, which seemed at one time so ugly, has stuck, and the documentary film is accepted as a definite *genre* of ordinary film production. The cinema which builds its stories out of the humdrum of daily events takes its place with the cinema of the stars. Perhaps the word 'documentary' has stuck just because it was ugly. Those of us who launched it round about '26 or '27 used to say that its name was the best guarantee of its integrity and that there, surely, was a plain honest face that would never 'go Hollywood'. We under-estimated. The pundits of Wardour Street, though they swallowed hard for a few years, were pleading the other day before the Chancellor of the Exchequer that one of the gravest effects of his Film Tax would be on the 'cultural' side of their trade and that their beloved documentaries would unquestionably suffer. *Time*, in its most recent quizz, cites the documentary as one of Hollywood's great new interests of the year. A group of Hollywood writers in conference in New York the other day indicated that radio and the documentary film were the great new influences on the creative side of the cinema.

As one of the earliest squatters, I am gratified to note all this. Why, only eleven years ago, the British documentary film movement, in so far as it was a deliberate movement, was represented by one cellar in the Charing Cross Road at seven shillings a week! But, as the idea behind it has developed and has come to be accepted, one has realized that it was never really an adventure in film making at all. It was, from the beginning, an adventure in public observation. The documentary film movement might, in principle, have been a movement in documentary writing, or documentary radio, or documentary

painting. The basic force behind it was social not aesthetic. It was a desire to make a drama from the ordinary to set against the prevailing drama of the extraordinary : a desire to bring the citizen's eye in from the ends of the earth to the story, his own story, of what was happening under his nose. From this came our insistence on the drama of the doorstep.

We were, I confess, sociologists, a little worried about the way the world was going. When first the rights and wrongs of universal suffrage were discussed, some said it would only occupy men's minds with the shadows of far-away political battles. Many of us, after the War, thought that the old pessimists had been right and that citizenship had, in fact, become a matter of shadows. The world had become very complex—and civic comprehension difficult. We were conscious of the abstraction of life under the new metropolitan skies. We saw that poverty of community life went hand in hand with the lack of civic comprehension. And of one thing we were pretty sure—that the old stiff-backed educational system was not doing very much to help towards comprehension. Nor, particularly, was the new myth-making machinery of the star-struck cinema. But if we were jealous of this myth-making influence and made film the instrument of our door-step drama, it was partly by accident. We were interested in *all* instruments which would crystallize sentiments in a muddled world and create a will toward civic participation.

As it happened, the film had its special advantages. It could command millions; it had the power of simple image; and a few pioneers — though not allied to our specific social purposes — had shown us the descriptive way. The Russians were staging large-scale spectacles to confirm the Russian worker in his enthusiasm for the revolution, and brilliantly using ordinary citizens to play the parts. They were not exactly the dramas of the door-step which we had set ourselves to do, but we saw how well the ordinary citizen could look and how images could be put together to make his affairs impressive. If emphasis was needed on this point, our own Bruce Woolfe was showing, in his *Secrets of Nature*, how wonderful ordinary things could be. Before that, years before that, Flaherty had made his beautiful pictures of Eskimos and

Samoans. This was not the drama of the door-step either, nor was Flaherty concerned with our problem of bridging the gap between the citizen and his community ; but he showed us how to shoot a story from the inside out, making the tale out of what actually did happen to people. We learned, too, from the many aesthetic experiments in real life photography which had made Ruttmann's *Berlin* and Cavalcanti's *Rien que les Heures* the brilliant innovations of their day. Here was the eye of the artist ranging outside the studio into the streets : observing real people, making the first efforts to swing them into movie form.

But the documentary film was, in spite of all these aids and instances, an essentially British development. Its characteristic was this idea of social use, and there, I believe, is the only reason why our British documentary persisted when other æsthetic or aestheticky movements in the same direction were either fitful or failed. The key to our persistence is that the documentary film was created to fill a need, and it has prospered because that need was not only real but wide. If it came to develop in England there were three good reasons for it. It permitted the national talent for emotional under-statement to operate in a medium not given to under-statement. It allowed an adventure in the arts to assume the respectability of a public service. The third reason was the Empire Marketing Board and a man called Tallents.

In Sir Stephen Tallents' book on the *Projection of England,* he used a sentence from Mill which said a good deal of what some of us were thinking round about 1928. "*It is the artist alone in whose hands truth becomes impressive and a living principle of action*". Yet Tallents had not the same slant on the matter as some of us, and it is important to note the distinction. For my part, the approach was almost completely academic. I was an educationist born and bred but I was interested in the dramatic levels of apprehension. I was sure, as I am now. that the dramatic level of apprehension is the only one that relates a man to his Maker, his neighbour or himself. I set it over against the 'informational' level on which the poor liberal theory of education had been humourlessly insisting for half a century. I had noted in ten years of Universities, as so many have done in less, that the facts are many—and the professors

have a habit of being beside the point of them. I was inclined to raise the sense of smell to among the highest of the virtues.

Many things were happening to give one hope that a new and more inspired kind of education was coming, in which men could stretch their sight and get a wider sense of themselves. The popular press was storming the bastions of the dull, and there was but a difference of degree between the sensationalizing process which was unhealthy, and the dramatizing process which gave colour and perspective and substance to men's lives. The introduction of the active verb in news reporting seemed something deeper than a whim. The film, in spite of the fol-de-rols of its vicarious excitements, was stumbling unconsciously but certainly from " Westerns " to epics and from actors to people. The radio was coming. The film with its documentary possibilities was, indeed, just one among the magic pointers laid against the blackboard. But I liked the idea of a simple dramatic art based on authentic information. I liked the idea of an art where the dramatic factor depended exactly on the depth with which information was interpreted. I liked the notion that, in making films of man in his modern environment, one would be articulating the corporate character of that environment and finding again, after a long period of sloppy romanticism and the person in private, an aesthetic of the person in public. I say ' I ', but it was only a moment before a dozen people of like mind joined me : Wright, Elton, Legg, Rotha, D. F. Taylor, Evelyn Spice and others ; and later from abroad came Flaherty and Cavalcanti themselves. But the initiative lay with Tallents. Without him, we would have been driven exhausted by this time into the arms of Hollywood or into the practice of a less expensive art. Tallents marked out the habitation and the place for our new teaching of citizenship and gave it a chance to expand. In relating it to the art so variously called ' cultural relations ', ' public relations ' and ' propaganda ', he joined it to one of the actual driving forces of the time and guaranteed it patronage.

As head of the Empire Marketing Board, Tallents had made himself responsible for the adventure of " bringing the Empire alive ". The old Imperial concept was disappearing, the new Commonwealth of Nations concept was coming in ; and it had,

in Tallents' idea of his work, to be made an emotional reality. Here was a deeper problem of persuasion than the ordinary epileptic instruments of publicity could manage. The interrelation of the human and corporate parts of the Commonwealth had to be realized in human and corporate terms. " Brought alive " was one of those phrases of genius. It dismissed at a stroke the dishonest aids of mere publicity and posited a need for true dramatic expression. In his *Projection of England*, the thought was that, just as Henry the Navigator had set up his School of Projection to teach the art of crossing seas, so we in our day had to master the arts which would bridge our mental distances. Tallents posited the idea of relating the artist to a problem of mental communication which was basically a matter for artists. So far as he was concerned, his E.M.B. film unit was just one laboratory among others for discovering the terms of that relationship. But his need, and our purpose, coincided so precisely, that an alliance between public relations and the documentary film was struck which was capable of withstanding all later temptations to commercialize our skill. It was a strange alliance for Whitehall. The intangibles of art—whether of propaganda or of film—were ' hardly to be packed into the narrow act ' of Treasury files ; and Tallents contribution at that time deserves to go down among the more curious feats of Civil Service bravery.

The Empire Marketing Board was a fine chance to make films of ordinary people and of the dignities of life in our time. Taking that line, we could have gone on for ever " bringing alive " to each other the members of our Commonwealth of Nations. The materials were young, dramatic and inexhaustible. With imagination enough, machinery and support enough, one could, on such a commission, have sighted the eyes and established the sentiments of a generation. Propaganda, in our view, is not just a general storming of the imagination, nor are men like Goebbels for all their powers of organization, very good. The large gaps of mental distance are made up of an infinite number of smaller gaps. Propaganda, on any considered theory, may be a quiet matter of section speaking to section, specialist to specialist, whether the specialist is a scientist, a fight fan, or a philatelist. Bringing Britain and the Empire alive meant this ;

and it meant dramatic gambits as various as bringing the countryman alive to the townsman and the research station to the worker. Truth, in the corporate conception, has many facets. We could, I think, have done much for the projection of Britain if the Empire Marketing Board had gone on. The pity of it is that the British Council, the Vansittart Committee and the Imperial Relations Trust, in getting under way to-day, are taking up a national task which was already ' bang ' in our eyes ten years ago, and before ever Goebbels was heard of.

But with our new found relationship between film making and public affairs, there were so many fields open to us beyond the E.M.B. that the disappointment could only be momentary. The first one that offered itself was the G.P.O. We grasped it eagerly, for the story of communications was as good as any other and in one sense it was better. When the E.M.B. film unit was invited to go with Tallents to the Post Office—or Tallents insisted on it—we had at least the assurance of imaginative backing. It was never easy in the first place to bring a measure of beauty and dramatic significance from materials which no art had touched before. Nor is it easy for a merely analytic or literary or publicity mind to follow a process of discovery with which it has little in common. With Tallents behind it, the documentary idea prospered at the Post Office and in surroundings which seemed at the beginning singularly unpromising. One remembers looking at a sorting office for the first time and thinking that when you had seen one letter you had seen the lot. Yet the exercise in public communication which we were called to perform was challenging, and significant of all communication between the individual and his corporate servants. Here was the country's largest organization at outs with its public. There was an accusation of dullness and inefficiency or, worse still, an automatic, unjust, acceptance of its dullness and inefficiency. It is, however, a good theory in public relations that these things follow public misunderstanding more often than they cause it. I never saw much efficiency bally-hoo of the American sort in the campaign for a modern outlook which Sir Kingsley Wood initiated. I doubt if it would have worked on the English mind. We operated on the more sensible theory that corporations are like individuals. However

pompous, they are fools for encouragement. The new spirit came as soon as the Public Relations department began to articulate the importance of the Post Office to the public and as soon as the Post Office people saw the light of appreciation in the public's eyes.

This process involved a complex and difficult performance, and the film, of course, did only a small part of the work. The Post Office was " brought alive " to the public by the poster, the press story and the exhibition ; and not the least of the influences was the new lick of paint, in which both public and Post Office workers could at long last see their faces. None the less, it was the G.P.O. films that went deepest below the surface and gave both public and Post Office the really inspiring picture of their relationships. I forget how many grand artists they brought in to paint, or make exhibitions of, this considerable slab of British life ; but I am pretty sure that in films like *Night Mail,* we had something the others hadn't got. It was some satisfaction to take those letters " G.P.O." and make them stand for what was most progressive in the cinema. It was an even greater satisfaction to take our pedestrian affairs into the schools of the country and make them a dramatic contribution to the child's vision of the world about him. We got behind those sorting office letters and made the mere processes of a huge-scale organization look exciting. We gradually began to see, behind the infernal penny-in-the-slot detail in which the Post Office is so symbolic of our metropolitan civilization, something of the magic of modern communications. We saw the gale warning behind the Central Telegraph Office, the paradox of nationalism and internationalism behind the cable service, the choral beauty of the night mail, and the drama tucked away in the files of the ship-to-shore radio service. Most significant of all, in a film called *Big Money,* Cavalcanti achieved the singular feat of getting under the skin of the Accountant General's department and bringing the routine clerk in most human terms to the screen. I cite it as significant, for there are easier figures to dramatize, but not more important ones, if we are to accept the terms of modern civilization. In this sense, nothing we do is better than our dramatization of the undramatic and honouring of the unhonoured. Value is not

possessed until it is first found and made articulate, and the discovery of beauty is, in an era like ours, the whole of beauty.

To-day the G.P.O. Film Unit goes on with its work, and, with the brilliant craftsmanship of Cavalcanti and the gusto of Watt to set a mark for it, there is no finer unit to-day. But there came a point where the documentary film had to go wider than the story of communications if it was to fulfil the large task it had originally set for itself. With this task in sight, we had from the very early days been training apprentices, and we had tended to loose them on the world as soon as they were really good. Rotha, Wright, Elton, Legg, Anstey, Taylor and a dozen others, over the past three or four years, have been out and about. They have been opening up new vistas of documentary production from the opportunities provided by the public relations needs of Imperial Airways, Electricity, the Orient Line, Shell-Mex, Anglo-Iranian, the Gas Association, the Films of Scotland Committee, the Canadian Government, the Ministry of Labour, the Colonial Empire Marketing Board and many more large industries and national organizations. It is this work which, taken in conjunction with the work of the G.P.O. and the Empire Marketing Board, represents the main body of documentary effort in this country. It is certainly the work of these people which represents the considered extension of the documentary idea. They are closest to the conception of a *whose social education*, in which the documentary film started. It may be observed that, whatever the sponsorship, these documentary film people have, in nearly every case, sought to find some public importance in their observations. Strange as it may appear, the best films of agriculture have come, not from the Ministry of Agriculture, but from the Films of Scotland, Oil, and the Millers' Mutual ; and the great documents of health, child welfare and local administration like *Housing Problems*, *Children at School* and *The Londoners* have come, not out of the Ministry of Health, nor out of the L.C.C., but out of Gas. There is great logic in it when the perspectives of their public relations are realized. But without a sense of the deeper levels of communication on the part of men like Leslie, Ryan, Beddington, Medlicott, Gamble, McNicol and Wolkoff, to name only a few of the exponents of public relations, it could hardly

have happened. In that respect the documentary effort has had the greatest aid. The larger ideas of propaganda for which Tallents stood so brilliantly at the E.M.B. and the G.P.O. have spread. And as the art of public relations has become more widely understood, the making of documentary films has spread in direct relationship with it.

It has spread far outside our original group. I naturally concentrate on the group which I initiated and because, I suppose, it has held closely to the original doctrine which was my interest. But it is a blessed day when theory is no longer necessary and the practice of it is taken for granted. Just as fine work in its own style has been done in this country by Bruce Woolfe and Mary Field with their pictures of the British countryside, produced under direct commercial conditions, Slowly in other countries the documentary idea is being taken up in very much the same terms as we have understood it. Lorentz's grand film *The River* is the best example, but we have certainly nothing to teach Ivens of Holland, Christiansen of Denmark, Storck of Belgium and a dozen others. Developments of the documentary idea in news magazine form—like Andrew Buchanan's *Cinemagazine*—and those dramatized discussions of public affairs like the *March of Time*, *Inside Goods*, and *Point of View* are likewise immensely important. They give a new range and depth to screen journalism and must presently wipe out the long weary tradition of foundation stones.

The documentary idea, after all, demands no more than that the affairs of our time shall be brought to the screen in any fashion which strikes the imagination and makes observation a little richer than it was. At one level, the vision may be journalistic; at another, it may rise to poetry and drama. At another level again, its aesthetic quality may lie in the mere lucidity of its exposition; and this, as Arthur Elton has proved, is by no means among the lower levels of beauty. There is a complementary development which concerns feature films. As a result of a movement of the public will towards authenticity—which one may see to-day in the changing policy of newspaper, magazine and book publication—a new spirit of realism is pervading Hollywood. One need not bother to argue where the drama of recorded reality ends and the drama of enactment

begins. It is the spirit that counts and films like *Pasteur*, *Zola*, and *The Good Earth* are good to have. So, too, is every new figure who, like Cagney and so many of Hollywood's small part players, is cut out of authenticity and brings it to the screen. So, too, is every new effort, however ordinary and sentimental, which relates screen romance to everyday life. Every drama that concerns aeroplanes, locomotives, ships, buses, hospitals, factories, fights with bacteria, telephone breakdowns, city environments, social problems and the real efforts of men, represents one step forward in the articulation of our time. I may regret that so much comes from the studios of Hollywood and so little from our own, for it is hard to think that all the English-speaking vitality lies across the Atlantic. Yet I do not see our own documentary group becoming easily or closely related to Denham and Elstree. We might contribute an imaginative factor to their films, but I doubt if we could give it to their financial policies. In any case, our own field is barely scratched. These great efforts at the G.P.O. and Oil and Gas and elsewhere are so piecemeal as to seem at times disappointing and unsatisfactory. The Ministries of Agriculture and Health and Labour, the municipalities, the projection of Britain to itself and to other countries, the projection of the countries of the Commonwealth to each other: what opportunities there are! And not just for films. Films are not, in themselves, so very important, nor are the artists who make them. We are concerned, I believe, in the greatest mobilization of the public imagination since the churches lost their grip. The important thing is that we are privileged to participate.

A QUESTION OF COLOUR

By E. F. Podach

THE first German census recording racial origins was held in the entire Reich on May 17th—with the exception of the newly-attached protectorates of Bohemia and Moravia. A year ago sixty-five railway truck loads (15 tons each) of printed question forms were ready, but the census did not take place owing to the annexation of Austria. It was then an administrative impossibility and, moreover, the Austrians themselves would in many cases have been unable to prove the racial origins of their grandparents, for they had to obtain birth or baptismal records from places scattered over the whole area of the Habsburg monarchy as it was before 1860, and this involved correspondence in ten different languages. Meanwhile it is worth-while considering on what bases legal or customary racial distinctions can be or are being drawn in the world.

The principal racial distinctions seem simple enough in a London bus. If a West-African or Chinese student gets in all the passengers are unanimous that the first belongs to the negro race and the second is a "yellow" Asiatic. The distinction is not so simple on the train from Birmingham (Alabama) to Memphis (Tennessee). If you prefer to travel in the "Jim Crow" carriage, the guard will not object after you have explained you are a negro—however white you look. For in the United States anyone is officially a negro who has one remote negro ancestor, however white his skin may be.

A journey from Auckland, New Zealand to the Cook Islands and to Western Samoa makes it clear that the world is not as God made it. Not only does Sunday become Saturday when the ship crosses the Date Line near the hundred and seventieth meridian, but a man born of a European father and Chinese

mother will find himself classified as a European in Auckland and Raratonga, but as a coloured Asiatic in Samoa, although he has remained under New Zealand administration all the time. In the Cook Islands and Niue a man with one European parent is reckoned a European, but in Samoa he is only a European if more than 50 per cent. of his blood is white.

Race may be a fact, a prejudice or a definition. Which is its most important aspect? Those who claim to be realists will promptly reply " a fact ". The black and yellow races, the main racial distinctions, are not, of course, mere names or the fruit of imagination, but none the less scientists are unable to agree as to the definition, or even the number of the principal racial groups of mankind. It is much harder to distinguish between races than is usually supposed. It only appears easy where persons of alien race are rarely met with—as in the London bus. If you travelled on foot from village to village across the whole continent of Europe and Asia, you would at no moment say to yourself " now I am amongst a predominantly mongoloid population ". And the moment when the population should be described as " black " is as difficult to detect in the Nile valley. It is travellers by sea rather than travellers by land who have drawn attention to racial contrasts, for they inevitably miss the gradations between one population centre and another. Studies of race, and even more of ideas about race have to be made in areas where the different racial groups are simultaneously present in large numbers. The best experimental field is America.

Goethe, who had his troubles with self-confident realists, observed that the essential was to grasp that even a " fact " is first of all a theory. It is possible to go further and say that every " fact " is an act of judgment. For racial facts it is easy to prove this. In the middle of the last century German immigrants with their gymnastic associations, Sunday picnics and emancipated way of discussing things got on the nerves of Puritan New Englanders who called them " Dutchmen ". To the question " Is he a white man ? " the answer might be given " No Sir, he is a Dutchman ". The existence of " coloured " men against whom there was discrimination had made " white man " a complimentary term. Yet at the same date not every

kind of " coloured " skin made a " coloured " man. The U.S.A. census of 1860 was the first to classify American Indians as a separate group and there is some doubt whether they were classified as " white " or " coloured " before then. For this reason there are no reliable figures as to their number before that date.

In the New World " coloured " very soon came to mean " negro ". North of the Mexican border Anglo-Saxons soon gave up distinguishing between different degrees. The coloured children born by white " indentured servants " were usually though not universally considered as the property of the plantation owner. In the reverse case of the coloured children of a white father the following was enacted in the English colony of Virginia in 1662 : " Whereas some doubts have arisen whether children got by any Englishman upon a negro woman shall be slave or free, . . . all children born in this colony shall be bond or free only according to the condition of the mother ". In the southern plantations there were many mulattoes, the children or grandchildren of the proprietors. Though some received special treatment, most worked on the estates as slaves and were also sometimes sold. (Mohammed it may be observed forbids the separation of mothers from children when prisoners of war are sold into slavery).

Amongst the Spaniards and French in America the children of coloured mistresses remained in the household and were not sold. An article of the " Code Noir " for all French plantations (1685) punished with a heavy fine concubinage of slaves, but it provided that rather than pay the fine the planter could marry the woman making her free and the children legitimate. It was only during the eleven years before 1789 that a law existed both in the colonies and in France forbidding intermarriage between white and black. French mulattoes could reach high social status. Alexandre Dumas' father, a Haytian mulatto, was taken to France by the novelist's grandfather and became a general in the French army under Napoleon I.

The term quadroon was introduced into English from Spanish at the beginning of the 18th century. The U.S.A. census of 1890 is the first to distinguish between " blacks, mulattoes, quadroons and octroons ". The instructions for the 1930 U.S.A.

census however lays it down that all persons of mixed white and black blood are to be considered as negroes, however small the percentage of black blood. Dr. Leon E. Truesdell, Chief Statistician for Population at the Bureau of the Census, observed, however: "Many individuals of mixed blood, where negro characteristics are not physically prominent are without doubt classified as white".

The negro ancestor is very often also taken as the decisive factor in cases of negro-Indian half-castes. This means that in the United States the negro is considered to be the most "coloured" of "coloured races". In other cases of coloured racial mixtures, as for instance Chinese and American Indian, the race of the father is decisive for classification. This is justifiable sociologically if the father concerns himself with the upbringing of his child, although racially (*i.e.* biologically) there is no reason to attribute greater importance to one or other of the parents. (In the census of British India also the race of the father has recently been made decisive. Up to 1921 Anglo-Indians might mean descendants of European men and Indian women or of European women and Indian men. Now only a child with a European father is classified as Anglo-Indian). The U.S.A. census itself has admitted exceptions to the principle that the negro parent is decisive in the case of descendants from negro-Indian unions if the Indian blood is dominant, or if the Indian community considers the man to be an Indian. Equally, men of mixed white and Indian descent are classified as white, if the white blood is dominant or they are considered as Whites by their fellow citizens.

This involves the possibility that the descendants of a negro after a cross with Red Indian blood may "become" white men. To meet this a bill was brought before the General Assembly of Virginia in 1926 by which the descendants of all marriages between Whites and Indians subsequent to 1619 were to be considered coloured. The date 1619 was chosen so as to exclude from the effects of the bill the descendants of the marriage between John Rolfe and Pocohontas and of some other early marriages with Indians. Prof. W. C. MacLeod comments: "This ridiculous classificatory policy is a makeshift with a view to preventing further intermarriage with persons officially

Indian who are part negro ancestry ; the bill proposes to permit intermarriage of Whites in Virginia with Indians from Oklahoma and Texas. But while it permits intermarriage with these Indians—who in so far as they are Indian in blood are Mongoloid in race—it prohibits intermarriage with Asiatic Mongoloids such as Filipinos, etc." Had the bill been passed, one of the best known Maryland families descended from a marriage with an Indian performed in Virginia in 1644 and sixty-four well-known Virginia families descended from a marriage with an Indian in 1684 would have been classified as coloured.

The most " relative " colour in U.S.A. is yellow. The Chinese were classified loosely under " coloured " in the census down to 1860 when for the first time they appear as a separate group ; the Japanese were only distinguished from the Chinese in 1870. This in itself shows that the problems that Chinese and Japanese immigrants might present had only attracted limited attention. The Naturalization Law of 1790 opened American citizenship to all " free white persons ". The idea of " colour " was obviously associated not only with " black " skins but with the social status of slavery. In consequence, while Chinese and Japanese were relatively few, a number of them succeeded in establishing their character as white men before naturalization courts and obtaining American citizenship—although the census officials classified them as " coloured ". It was only in 1882 when the western states had become conscious of a " yellow " colour problem owing to the rapid increase of Chinese that an act explicitly excluding Chinese as members of a coloured race from citizenship was passed. In other words a dozen Chinese might be white, but a thousand were certainly not. Incidentally, it may be noted that the self-styled " whites " are not thought of as " whites " by the Chinese, but are usually referred to as yang-gui-tze, *i.e.*, red devils.

The Chinese, therefore, who had hitherto been considered for naturalization purposes as a white man is henceforth not only excluded from immigration but also in fourteen States forbidden to marry with Whites. Eleven of these States lie west of the Mississippi, which indicates that the cause of this racial discrimination is not increased " natural " sensitiveness. The cause is the same as accounts for the difference of racial definition

in the Cook Islands and Western Samoa, *i.e.*, the existence of a Chinese social question. In " The Colonial Problem ", a report by a Study Group of Members of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, 1937, appears the following :

> " The New Zealand Government sent a ' good-will ' mission to Samoa in 1936 to clear up local grievances manifested in the Mau agitation, and one of the promises made was the reduction of the number of Chinese plantation labourers. Repatriation is expected to proceed gradually ".

The story of the Chinese and Japanese in America, as also of the Filipinos, Hindus, Koreans, Hawaiians, Malays, Siamese, Samoans and Maoris (who were classified together under " coloured " as " all others " down to 1920) proves that men are not naturally interested to the point of violence in race as a natural phenomenon. The " races " about which men are concerned are mainly the artificial products of economic, social and political relationships and not biological. New racial distinctions, too slight to be permanently maintained, are discovered and arouse violent feeling in connexion with new social problems—as for instance when successive waves of German, Irish, Scandinavian and South European immigrants were denounced in the United States as " racial perils " though each has been successfully absorbed into the main stock of the nation. In Australia Italian immigration has even been referred to as " the olive-skinned peril ". Races alone, even a great many races in a small space, do not create a race problem. This again can be seen in the U.S.A. which in racial matters as in others is the land of unlimited possibilities.

Hawaii is a racial idyll, yet the nearest point of the U.S.A. mainland to Hawaii is California, where racial fanaticism is at its strongest. The " Annual Report " published at Honolulu used the following classifications : Hawaiian (pure Hawaiians), Caucasian-Hawaiian (mixture of Caucasian and Hawaiian stock), Asiatic-Hawaiian (mixture of Asiatic and Hawaiian stock), Portuguese, Puerto Rican, Spanish, other Caucasians, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Others (negroes and other races). The " Caucasian " (Portuguese, Puerto Rican, Spanish, Other Caucasian) doubtless include Half-castes. It has been estimated by those knowing the islands well that about one third of the Asiatic-Hawaiians have also Caucasian blood. In Hawai

diminishing importance is attached to exact knowledge of racial origins.

Mixed marriages are constantly on the increase. In the years 1931-1935 the percentage of mixed marriages was 28.3 as compared with 14.1 per cent. in the period 1912-1916. Hawaiian women seem to prefer marrying men of other races and the number of Hawaiian men making mixed marriages increases in consequence. The idea that men of coloured races desire to possess white women is also disproved in Hawaii. Although there is neither a legal nor a social obstacle to marriages between Japanese and Whites—or perhaps because there is none—98.6 per cent. of Japanese men and 98.3 per cent. of Japanese women marry members of their own race. This shows a more marked preference for their own race than is felt by the Whites living in Hawaii. This is the more remarkable because the Japanese pride which has aroused dislike elsewhere, is not noticeable in Hawaii : the average second-generation Japanese in Hawaii considers himself not a Japanese who lives in America, but an American who happens to be of Japanese extraction.

The Hawaiian Islands not only boast of their evershining rainbows in the sky—sun-rainbows by day and moon-rainbows by night—but also of an extraordinarily peaceful racial rainbow. Mrs. Katherine Pope in her book " Hawaii, the Rainbow Land ", gives us a charming view of school life in Hawaii where children of all races mingle in happiness. Mr. Don Blanding, a Hawaiian poet, describes in the following the island atmosphere in a way which science can endorse : " There is an exotic pattern in the social fabric which is very fascinating, and peculiar to Hawaii. This is the intermingling of Whites, Hawaiians and Orientals. Hawaii is one of the places in the world where the word half-caste is almost taboo. One doesn't use it ; nor, after a short while, does one think it. That stigma which usually attaches to the mixed blood is scarcely in evidence, if at all. Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Koreans, Portuguese, Russians, and all of the fair-skinned, blue-eyed races meet, interbreed, and often marry, and live in a happiness which is quite amazing. Many women, high in social favour in the Islands, may have as many as four bloods, at least three of them dark. Negro blood is not accepted ".

This rejection of the negro is not to be taken too literally, first of all because it is not universal, secondly because a man with some negro blood can much more easily " pass " than in the continental United States. Prejudice on this subject though not obliterated, is very much weaker than on the mainland. As a matter of fact, owing to the presence of many negro sailors on the whaling vessels about 1800, a negro strain was introduced amongst the Polynesian islanders three or four generations ago. Negro ancestry may, therefore, be respectably linked with white, by way of a Hawaiian half-caste just as it can through an Indian. The only racial classifications frequently used by Whites, typically in Hawaiian language, is *haole* for white persons and *hapa-haole* for half-Whites. To be a *hapa-haole* is often considered attractive. Generally island pride concentrates on being a *kamaaina* that is a person born on the islands, in opposition to *malihini* the Hawaiian word for newcomer.

The greatest contrast to the Hawaiian poverty in terms for distinguishing between races and half-castes is the wealth of such words in Mexico and in some South American countries. The few Latin American terms of this kind which have entered the English language refer almost exclusively to varying proportions of white and negro blood, whereas the possibilities of racial mixture are enormously varied by the presence in large, often preponderant numbers of a third race, the Indians. The enormous number of terms to describe every shade of the racial spectrum vary in different countries, but all indicate a popular delight in making the most delicate distinctions. This suggests a third outlook, different both from the Hawaiian and the North American, namely a snobbish interest in *nuances* of colour, which involves neither a colour bar, nor a condemnation of mixed marriages. Everyone cannot be born a lord. A colour bar is only possible on the basis of a few, crudely defined and harshly enforced distinctions.

The Mexican census gave up classifying the population in racial groups (" raza " or " casta ") in 1930 on the ground that they had become meaningless, but, of course, maintains the classification of Spanish-speaking, Indian-speaking, etc., which is sociologically much more significant. The official statisticians give the following discarded terms : White × Indian = *mestizo* ;

mestizo × White=*castizo*; castizo × White=*español*; White × negro=*mulatto*; mulatto × White=*morisco*; morisco × White=*salto-atras*; salto-atras × Indian=*chino*; chino × mulatto=*lobo*; lobo × mulatto=*gibaro*; gibaro × Indian=*albarazado*; albarazado × negro=*cambujo* and so forth.

A man belonging to "*gente blanca*" is a man one of whose thirty-two great-great-great-grandparents was a negro, and a *limpio* is a man one of whose sixty-four great-great-great-great-grandparents was a negro. As compared with seven technical terms for near-Whites, there are only five for those with less than 25 per cent. of white blood.

Such *nuances* can only be perceived by the imaginative eye of a painter—although a German scholar of repute has declared that a high-caste Brahmin can tell by the shade of skin to which of the dozens of Hindu castes one of his fellow-countrymen belongs. In the eighteenth century Ignacio de Castro produced several dozen charming little pictures of the various possible Mexican half-caste family combinations: an *albarazado* and *mulatta* with their baby *barzino*, a *lobo* and *china* with their little *gibaro*, etc. With one exception all the scenes are idyllic.

No wonder that names and what they are intended to describe have frequently become confused. The term Creole, which in Spanish-speaking territories originally referred to full-blooded Whites born in America, who were considered inferior to the *chapetones* or *gachupinos* born in Europe, has been transferred in Peru and Brazil to half-castes, and in Brazil has also been applied to American-born negroes, as opposed to the *africanos* or imported slaves. The term is now used in the British colony of Sierra Leone by the African-born descendants of freed slaves brought back from America to West Africa. They wish thereby to indicate that they are civilized and not savage tribesmen from the interior. The term *chino* and *china* has also led to misunderstandings. In Brazil europeanized Indian women are called *chinas* and their daughters *chinchinas*. They have as little to do with the Chinese as the light-coloured half-castes of mixed European Negro and Indian stock called *chinos* and *chinas* in Mexico. Chinese half-castes are usually known as *amarillos* ("Yellows") in Latin America, but the term *chino*-

mestizo when used in the Philippine Islands does in fact refer to Chinese-Malay half-castes.

Mexico is the most important demonstration that reality overcomes all verbal definitions. The vast racial vocabulary has reduced racial distinctions in practical life and in politics to an absurdity. We are now watching a country with unified national feeling emerge out of the many racial elements. The struggle between word and fact is still greater in the colonies. In his " Colonial Population " Dr. R. R. Kuczynski records that in British Guiana it has been found convenient to divide the white inhabitants into " other than Portuguese " and " Portuguese ", the latter being a term which persons who insist they are of pure white blood though in fact they are obviously of mixed descent will readily accept in a census. There are many other similar examples to be found in colonial census practice.

In the French colonies a very interesting attempt has been made to distinguish not on racial grounds at all, but between " Europeans and Assimilated " on the one hand and " natives " on the other exclusively according to habits and legal status. The terms must either be too closely or too loosely defined and cannot be applied in the same way in any two colonies, so that French colonial statistics are amongst the most misleading. In Reunion, for instance, the only people classified as " natives " are Asiatic, African and Madagascan immigrants.

The French conception, though statistically unsuccessful and by no means to be considered as necessarily providing a solution of other practical problems, is remarkable as an attempt to handle the racial problem with definitions which bridge gulfs instead of creating them. It is the opposite of the method applied in Germany, where families that have lived in the country for hundreds of years have suddenly been declared non-aryan and expelled from the nation. The German practice, devised on the basis of inaccurate ideas to suit politicians' convenience, has been followed in Italy and Hungary.

This conflict between ' Realism " and " Nominalism " in racial matters is not merely a curious phenomenon, but a symptom of an old disease which is now becoming especially acute both politically and socially. Racial contacts are being

made on an ever increasing scale, owing to ever more extensive movements of emigration. The problem is all the graver for the white races, because the " coloured " races show a tendency (even in cases of some races recently considered in danger of extinction) to multiply faster, more particularly faster than the members of the west European races most active in colonization (with the one exception of the Portuguese who still have a birth-rate of 30 per thousand).

The recent important books on migration—Prof. Maurice R. Davies on " World Immigration " (1936), Prof. Donald R. Taft " Human Migration " (1936) and finally Prof. Griffith Taylor " Environment, Race and Migration " (1937)—are to a great extent histories of race conflicts. The racial struggle is carried on by White men burdened with mistaken ideas and a ballast of unimportant words. They have no better solution for the weaknesses of their own economic and social system, than to make whipping-boys out of racial differences. Race is a fact which cannot be talked away, but it is a fact about which very little is known, and when the information is available it should be used to make it easier, not more difficult to live together. Even if men could live side by side like stones, this would scarcely help, for chemistry has proved that even solid bodies become diffused in one another if they touch. The " white " races must ever increasingly live in contact with " coloured " races, and a policy will be required which does not produce a despised class of half-castes, pressing on the wage level, for whom the arrogance and economic behaviour of ourselves the dominant class, not that of the dominated coloured peoples must be held responsible. The " White man " will be able to look more confidently into a future in which he indeed will become slightly " coloured ", but the " Coloured " will in social and economic life become increasingly " white ".

IS PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY MORIBUND?

By Sir J. A. R. Marriott

UNDER normal conditions it would matter nothing to Great Britain or to the British Empire whether Danzig was in the possession of Poland, or Germany, or remained a "free city" under the aegis of the League of Nations. Yet at the moment of writing it is plainly not impossible that Danzig may provide the occasion, even though it cannot be the *cause*, of a world-war. For the occasion of a war must be carefully distinguished from its causes.

Danzig is symbolic. Were we to stand aside and see the problem of Danzig—admittedly complex—solved by the naked sword, something that English folk value above life itself would be endangered, or rather extinguished. That something is Liberty.

> "'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
> Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
> And we are weeds without it".

So Cowper sang, and the note has been re-echoed by innumerable voices. But this paper is not designed to apostrophize Liberty in the abstract. Its purpose is more restricted: it will be argued that for the citizens of the British Empire the shrine of the Goddess of Liberty is located in the Sanctuary of their Parliamentary Constitution, the arcana of which consist in the union of an Hereditary Monarchy with the peculiar type of Democracy originating in this realm.

But is the shrine of Liberty in fact threatened with violation?

Is Parliamentary Democracy as defined in the whole apparatus of what we English folk understand by Constitutional Government moribund. Has the time come for a drastic amendment of our Constitutional Machinery?

These questions are raised by two recent articles, on which I am invited to comment, in this Review. Differing in

character the two articles approach the problem from opposite angles: Mr. Brogan's (April, 1939) angle is political or more strictly Constitutional; his criticism is wholly destructive. Mr. S. G. Hobson (July, 1939) is concerned primarily with Industrial Economics, and he offers suggestions for constructive reorganization.

Mr. Brogan thinks that "something very odd has been happening to that revered collection of rules of political good conduct, the British Constitution". The "something very odd" is a widening disparity between constitutional theory and political practice. Is there anything either odd or new in this? "In the English Constitution nothing is what it seems and nothing seems what it is". Vividly do I remember those words falling from the lips of a great teacher, A. V. Dicey, some forty years ago at Oxford. They have ever since been 'a lantern unto my path', though the lantern has worked on the *lucus non lucendo* principle. Not that Dicey's analysis was original. Bagehot used the medium of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW to teach us in the middle sixties how profound was the "unreality" of the English Constitution; how in particular "a Republic had insinuated itself beneath the folds of a Monarchy".

More helpful even than the analyses of Dicey and Bagehot is the image suggested by one of the ablest French commentators on the English Constitution. M. Emile Boutmy does not, indeed, go so far as Alexis de Tocqueville who once, in haste, declared: "*En Angleterre la Constitution peut changer sans cesse, ou plutôt elle n'existe point*". Boutmy, realizing, not less acutely than de Tocqueville, the difficulty of describing with accuracy a Constitution which is in a state of perpetual flux, compared that Constitution to *un chemin qui marche*, or better still to "a river whose moving surface glides away at one's feet, meandering in and out in endless curves, now seeming to disappear in a whirlpool, now almost lost to sight in the verdure". What image could be more exact? The river is the same river, its waters, as the ancient philosopher taught, are never the same for two successive seconds.

So is it with our English Constitution. Uncodified, largely unwritten; based on documents (so far as it is based on them at all) widely dispersed in time, extending from Charters granted

by Saxon, Norman and Angevin Kings, down to the *Bill of Rights* and the *Statute of Westminster*; relying much less upon laws than upon conventions, precedents and "gentlemen's agreements", but capable, if necessity urges, of setting all these things at naught; flexible in the highest degree, yet remarkable for historical continuity; profoundly concerned to guarantee personal liberty, yet almost ostentatiously neglectful of the means elsewhere adopted to secure it—and so on and so on. All this is, of course, the commonplace of every schoolboy essayist. Yet it is necessary to recall it, in order to meet the criticisms directed against existing conditions by Mr. Brogan and Mr. Hobson.

Mr. Brogan's criticism, though frequently suggestive, is curiously external: he fails to appreciate the *nuances* of constitutional practice which only actual experience can perhaps reveal, but which, nevertheless, are of the very essence of the political and especially of the parliamentary machine. In this connection we may refer to the Falconer Lectures recently delivered by Lord Baldwin at Toronto. Those lectures constitute a noble vindication of the English Constitution.

Critics may well bear in mind his warning: "Belittling an institution such as the House of Commons . . . is rendering the worst service to constitutional government. Criticize fairly, as much as you like, but there is nothing so corrosive as constant ridicule which kills respect. That has always been a danger in a democracy; never more than at the present time".

Not for a moment do I suggest that Mr. Brogan uses the weapon of ridicule; his is the type of criticism which Lord Baldwin would welcome.

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What, then, is Mr. Brogan's gravamen? It is that "the *Führer* principle is well on the way to being domesticated in England, without the tiresome bother of a revolution". To put it even more plainly, the Prime Minister is tending to become a dictator. The Electorate? The Legislature? The Cabinet? What does it all come to? 'The electorate, parliament, the Cabinet see more and more of their power passing into the hands of a man only answerable to his conscience and whose power

for good or ill is so great that he seems to have a claim, like a great surgeon, to reverential silence until the operation is over ...' An election becomes more and more a plebiscite on the name of a future Prime Minister. The electorate is bemused; Parliament has lost its ancient habit of control; the Cabinet dominates Parliament; the Prime Minister dominates the Cabinet. "The Prime Minister has developed into a kind of plebiscitary Monarch, elected for a period of about five years and . . . he is entitled to impose his policy on the Cabinet and on Parliament'.

How far does this picture correspond with the facts? What substance is there in Mr. Brogan's charge? Be it admitted at once that in time of war the normal working of the constitutional machine must of necessity be suspended; an emergency, as the Romans recognized, calls for a dictator. From December, 1916 until the election of the "Coupon" Parliament, Mr. Lloyd George exercised Presidential not to say dictatorial authority. The Parliament which should normally have been dissolved in 1915 was, by periodical Acts, each strictly limited in duration, continued in existence until after the armistice was signed. The ordinary Cabinet was virtually superseded by a small (5—7) War Directory. Something like an Imperial Executive came into being with the *Empire War Cabinet* in which representatives of the Dominions sat side by side, and on an equal footing, with the War Directory.* Even so the Imperial Parliament remained Sovereign, and at any moment the Dictator might have been compelled either to resign or to seek a fresh mandate from the electorate. It is indeed easy to underestimate the nature and extent of the pressure which a House of Commons can and does exercise over the most autocratic of Prime Ministers. Nor was that pressure wholly relaxed even in the critical days of the War and the Peace negotiations. Several illustrations of this truth will readily occur to anyone who knew the day-to-day life of the House of Commons at the time. Not even then was the "ancient habit of control" entirely surrendered by the House, though it was exercised in a manner which has for the most part no record in the "books", and can, therefore, be realized only by those who were actually

*In order to save space I may respectfully and apologetically refer the reader for further detail to Marriott: *Mechanism of the Modern State*, Vol. II. 78 f.

taking part in public affairs. One illustration may suffice. Mr. Lloyd George has often been blamed for the "vindictive" terms he imposed upon Germany in 1919. But the House of Commons must share the responsibility. In the early spring of 1919 it was persistently rumoured at Westminster that on the question of the terms to be imposed upon Germany there was some "weakening" at the Paris Conference. A telegram signed by 370 members of the House of Commons was, in consequence, dispatched to Mr. Lloyd George in Paris, and he deemed it sufficiently important to interrupt his work at the Conference and return to Westminster in order to reassure the House, and vindicate his own steadfastness. He accomplished his purpose with his wonted adroitness, but it is certain that the influence of Parliament upon the Executive, if generally unobtruded, was persistent, and to a large measure effective.

But be it again emphasized that the pressure executed is so subtle that only close observation can detect it. No record remains; it is not emphasized in debate, nor is it most effectually exerted by those members who seek a cheap advertisement by persistence in interpellations. More often is it the result of quiet talks behind the Speaker's chair, or in the rooms of Ministers; not seldom it results from still more informal conversations in the tea-room or the smoking-room.

What is true of administration is even more true of legislation. One constantly hears it said that in regard to legislation the initiative has passed into the hands of the Cabinet, and that the sole function of Parliament is, after more or less perfunctory debates, to give legislative sanction to the proposals of the Government. It is quite true that under prevailing conditions, a Private Member's Bill has small chance of becoming law unless the Government consents to give "facilities". There have, indeed, been recent and conspicuous instances to the contrary. But much more important is the effect of Back-Bench persistence in regard to Private Members' Bills upon the legislative programme of the Government. Again and again it has happened that a Government has, tardily perhaps, adopted as its own the principle, though rarely the details, of legislative projects originally brought forward by private members.

Apart from this, the amending power of both Houses is apt

to be underestimated. Take an illustration from current affairs. The Finance Bill of 1939 will receive the Royal Assent in a form very different from that in which Sir John Simon introduced it into the House of Commons. This is equally, perhaps more, true of any complicated piece of ordinary legislation. A few Bills are actually turned inside out in the course of their progress through the two houses; many more are very substantially amended.

Nor is this all. Long before a Bill is submitted to Parliament, the known opinions of members of Parliament have exercised a considerable influence upon its provisions. The ordinary process is as follows: a Bill is drafted in a Department; the principle of the Bill having been approved by the Cabinet it becomes the business of the skilled draftsman to draft the clauses with a strict regard to the line of least resistance. What the Cabinet and the Minister in charge desire is the easiest and speediest passage of the Bill through the two Houses. The snags it is likely to encounter are generally (though by no means invariably) charted in the Whips' office if nowhere else. Ministers and draftsmen accordingly do their utmost to avoid them. This proleptic influence of the House is very important.

Nor is the influence proleptic only. To any important Bill sent into Committee either "upstairs" or "of the whole" there are pages of amendments tabled not only by private members on both sides but by the Government. Of the latter many are the result of negotiation between Ministers and groups of their supporters. Of all this there is naturally no record either in the Journals or in Hansard: it is known only to the negotiators and is very imperfectly realized by those whose criticism of Parliament and its procedure is purely external.

The most weighty criticism that can be made against the present procedure is, rather characteristically, unnoticed by Mr. Brogan. I refer to the fact that many modern Statutes, even after they have been meticulously amended, during their passage through Parliament remain mere *cadres*. Flesh and blood are subsequently supplied—frequently in super-abundance, by the administrative Departments. The Departments have become to an increasing extent "subordinate law-making bodies", framing innumerable *Orders Provisional and Statutory*.

Provisional Orders require statutory confirmation; *Statutory Orders* become operative after "lying on the table" for a given number of days. In both cases, therefore, Parliament technically retains control, although in the latter it is hardly more than formal.

There are those who hold—the Lord Chief Justice of England is among them—that in the increasing resort to "delegated legislation" lies a grave menace to personal and indeed public liberty. Until a few years ago Englishmen were said to have "an instinctive distrust of official discretion, an instinctive scepticism about bureaucratic wisdom". So Sir Courtenay Ilbert wrote in 1931. Since then Parliament has become more confiding or less industrious. It may be that modern conditions have made the development inevitable; the Committee on Minister's Powers appointed by Lord Sankey, as Lord Chancellor, in 1932, recognized its inevitability, but did not disguise their opinion that the development was plainly "an innovation in Constitutional practice", and if unchecked might involve grave dangers. "There is at present no effective machinery for Parliamentary Control over the many regulations of a legislative character which are made every year by Ministers in pursuit of their statutory powers, and the consequence is that much of the most important legislation is not really considered and approved by Parliament". So runs the *Report* (Cmd. 4060 p. 6). The gravity of the situation is enhanced by the fact, emphasized by Lord Hewart, that the Executive is encroaching upon the sphere not merely of the Legislature, but of the Judiciary. An aggrieved citizen may well find that the law-maker is in a given case acting also as Judge. Lord Hewart does not mince matters. "Various forms of words have been used in connection with this sort of legislation in order to limit the controlling power of the Courts, and in some instances where private rights are seriously interfered with the jurisdiction of the Courts have been entirely ousted, and the officials in the execution of their powers have been rendered wholly free from judicial control". (*The New Despotism*, p. 63).

Mr. Brogan tilts not ineffectively at the growing tyranny (in the Greek sense) of the Prime Minister: it is strange that he should ignore the development towards despotism in a less obtrusive but perhaps more ubiquitous direction.

Enough for the lament over the decay of Parliament and the advent of a dictatorship, in the person of the Prime Minister. A few words may be added in reference to Mr. Hobson's plea for the setting up, side by side, with the Imperial Parliament (if the historic epithet be still permissible) of an Economic Chamber or House of Industry. Mr. Hobson's starts from a proposition not dissimilar from Mr. Brogan's. " Men of every shade of opinion and interest are convinced that Parliament, as at present constituted, is outmoded ". Not that he would " cut it away like worm-eaten timber ". He apparently subscribes to the " unshaken belief in the historic mission of parliamentary institutions so rich in wisdom and tradition ". But he would afforce Parliament by the creation of an Economic Chamber based on the model of the Church Assembly. That means that he would reserve to Parliament the right of assent or rejection, but would deprive it of the power of amendment. With the fate of the two measures for Prayer Book Revision before us it seems at least questionable whether such a procedure is satisfactory. It may well seem undesirable that the amendments to the Anglican Liturgy should be subjected to debate in Assemblies which are not by any means exclusively Anglican in composition. As a fact it is commonly agreed that nothing could have been more entirely decorous and dignified than the debates in both Houses on both the Prayer Book Measures. But the result of depriving Parliament of the power of amendment was to ensure defeat. My own belief is that with a very few if not insignificant amendments one or other of the Prayer Book Measures would now be the law of the land. Be that as it may, Parliament is evidently more competent to discuss industrial details than matters of " Faith and Religion". Much more precise than Mr. Hobson's scheme were the suggestions made by Mr. Churchill outlined in Academic Addresses at Oxford (1930) and at Edinburgh (1931) and submitted in elaborate detail to the Select Committee on Procedure in 1931. At Edinburgh he took for his subject " The Present Decline of Parliamentary Government in Great Britain ", emphasizing his sorrowful conviction that " not only is the assembly declining but the foundation on which it stands has degenerated ". The remedy he suggested was two-fold : on the one hand a large

measure of devolution, the transference of much of the work of Parliament to Regional Councils ; on the other the creation of an " Economic Sub-Parliament ". Mr. Churchill proposed that the Sub-Parliament should consist of 120 members, of whom 40 would be members of the House of Commons and 80 business men, Trade Union representatives or Economic Authorities. Among the 80 were to be not less than 20 Peers. The whole 120 would be chosen in proportion to the strength of Parties in the House of Commons by the leaders of Parties. The term of membership would be three years without regard to the date of General Elections. All Bills dealing with trade and industry having been read the second time in either House would be automatically referred to the Sub-Parliament and having been there considered would be returned to the House in which the Bill originated with criticisms and recommendations which either House could accept or reject at pleasure. The Sub-Parliament would summon expert witnesses, and might set up Sub-Committees for special purposes.

Lack of space prevents a more detailed account of Mr. Churchill's interesting suggestion, for which reference may be made to the Report of the Select Committee (161 of 1931), or for any discussion of its merits. The scheme would seem to involve a minimum of dislocation—and to provide a valuable alternative to the Committee Stage in the existing procedure of Parliament.

Unhappily, Mr. Churchill's attention has perforce been diverted, for the last few years, into other channels and with his instinctive sense of proportion he has concentrated all his thought upon the international situation. It is well, however, even in the midst of our present anxieties, to remind ourselves that Political Institutions are but a means to an end, that they exist to guarantee to nations and to individuals the maximum of Liberty consistent with Security. Once again " iron sacrifice" may be demanded in order to guard the shrine. Once again, in " silent fortitude " the demand, if made, will be met; troth will be kept, and inspiration be drawn from the ancient faith :

" Who stands if freedom fall ?
Who dies if England live ? "

BOMBING POLICY

By J. M. Spaight, C.B., C.B.E.

THAT Germany will strike ruthlessly and vengefully when *Der Tag* comes there can be little room to doubt. "A hell, an inferno will be created for the enemy", Field Marshal Göring has said. To look for moderation would be to mis-read the philosophy of Nazidom; what mercy has it ever shown? Our own Government are manifestly expecting indiscriminate bombardment. All our preparations and precautions point to the existence of such an expectation. The assumption simplifies matters in some ways, though it complicates them in others.

That we shall hit back, and hit hard, is certain. If London is bombed, Berlin will be bombed too. The *riposte* will be necessary for two good reasons. First, our own citizens' reaction to the hammer-blows which they will have to endure might be a loss of morale, if it were not known that Germany was being paid in the same coin. There will be a grim satisfaction in the thought that for every raid on London there will be wave upon wave of British, French, Polish, perhaps Russian bombers launched against Berlin from Lincolnshire, Lorraine, Posnania. Secondly, the repayment in kind will make even Germany think; she may conclude that the game is not worth the candle.

We should be unwise, however, if we confined ourselves to retaliatory raids. They are negative, sterile, unprofitable, viewed as operations of war. The argument that direct air action against an enemy's capital will compel his citizens to compel the Government to make peace is one of doubtful validity in any event. It is especially challengeable when applied to an authoritarian State. In such a State the man in the street is not vocal. Public opinion cannot make its voice heard. Besides, there are better targets for our bombs than the shops and dwellings of the disfranchised Berliners.

What are those targets? The question is part of a wider one, namely, What is the war aim of the Air Force? This wider question was raised in the House of Lords on March 15th last, upon Lord Trenchard's motion; in form, the discussion related to the "bomber versus fighter" controversy (as it is called) but really ranged over a larger field. Lord Chatfield, the Minister for Co-ordination of Defence, spoke for the Government, and the views which he expressed are of the greatest importance and deserve careful study.

"The way to stop air warfare", he said, "was to destroy the air fleets of your enemy, just as the Navy's aim was to destroy the submarine fleet. . . . "Just as we had been able for many centuries to rely with confidence on our sailors to seek out and destroy the fleets of our enemies, so we should be able to trust in future to our airmen, supported on land by our soldiers, to defend in a similar manner these islands from the air fleets of any aggressor". He guarded himself from seeming to adopt too passive an attitude to hostile air attack by saying at the close of the debate that "we must destroy enemy air fleets wherever they might be—whether over our country or anywhere else".

Here was the undiluted doctrine of encounter, and it is not surprising that Lord Trenchard expressed his dissent. He "totally disagreed", he said, with the view that the object of an air fleet was to destroy the enemy air fleet. In truth, the aim of an air fleet is wider than that. It is to destroy the enemy's *air power*, and air power means much more than aircraft on the wing.

Indeed, even in naval operations the destruction of the hostile fleet is not the sole object. It is the primary aim but—as history shows—not always an attainable aim. Fleets do something more than fight one another. Battles, it is true, are, as Admiral Sir Reginald Custance says in *A Study of War*, "the central facts about which the great drama revolves". To engage the enemy is the first object of the naval command, but it must often rest content, perforce, with achieving the secondary object; and this, says Admiral Custance, is "to weaken the armed force of its opponent and to strengthen its own by impairing or increasing, as the case may be, the material resources and moral support upon which those forces depend". The

enemy's strength is impaired by the stopping of his trade; hence the imposition of economic pressure by blockade, and the capture of enemy ships and cargoes, is one of the military aims of a naval force.

War on commerce has long been a normal and accepted practice at sea. It may be indeed the only means by which sea power can exert its influence if the enemy fleet avoids engagement. In the air avoidance of battles is at least equally possible. The nature of three-dimensional space makes evasion easier than at sea. For that reason the aim which is only secondary in naval operations has come to be regarded as primary in the air.

War on commerce is, in its effect, a war on non-combatants. The strangle-hold of an effective blockade grips and chokes a nation without discrimination. Its effect can be measured in vital statistics. In the four years of the great war the *excess mortality* in Germany amounted to nearly 700,000; our own was 250,000. The *decreased birth-rate* in Germany in the four years was nearly 3,000,000, as compared with our deficit of 600,000. The difference between the German and British figures, both of which are taken from *Losses of Life caused by War*, by Professors Dumas and Vedel-Petersen, represents the human losses caused almost wholly by our blockade. Such was the effect of the pursuit of the secondary aim of sea power.

Air power is never likely to reap such a harvest of mortality. It can supplement, however, the action of sea power in impairing an enemy's strength and weakening his power to resist. It can strike at the bases of his material resources and means of subsistence, as well as at his sources of munitionment. "The object of the Air Force", said Lord Trenchard in the debate of March 15th, "is to knock out the other nation, its supplies, munitions and means of life". Assuredly he did not mean that our Air Force should bomb and slaughter indiscriminately. Lord Trenchard's own record as commander of the Independent Air Force of 1918 is sufficient to disprove any such implication in his words. Rather his argument was that we should not wait for the enemy to come, that we should carry the war into his own country, that we should strike at the sources of his power. "As with two football teams," he said, "the object of each is the other's goal, and if one team is so foolish as to put most of its

men in its own goal the other team will always be round that goal, and the ball will sometimes dribble through ".

To prevent the enemy from raiding you the right policy is not to rely solely on your close defence, though that is very important too, but to raid him and thus to keep him busy at home. Lord Trenchard's own Force pursued that policy in 1918. Of the 550 tons of bombs dropped by that Force no less than 220 were dropped on enemy aerodromes. The German air force on its side saw the wisdom of adopting the like tactics, which were sometimes extremely effective. In September, 1917, for instance, German raids on concentrations of aircraft behind Verdun resulted in the destruction of 85 French machines in two nights and in the damaging of many more. At Dunkirk 29 machines were destroyed on the ground in October, 1917, and at Marquise 27 were similarly destroyed in September, 1918.

An aircraft, given its short life in war, spends far more time on the ground than on the wing, and the time which it takes to construct is perhaps longer still. Therefore the right course is to try to catch it in hangar, factory or workshop, not in the air only. Not only the factories in which the airframes and engines are built but also those in which the various accessories and instruments are made are obvious targets for attack. Not less important are the fuel depôts upon which an air force depends for its life-blood. Destroy or cut off its petrol and you immobilize it, pin it to the ground, eliminate it as a factor in war.

Interference with the petrol supply of Germany or Italy would be a particularly damaging operation. Germany produces synthetically less oil than her peace-time needs; her requirements in war would be three or four times as great. Even the total product of the Rumanian oil fields would not meet her needs in war if her imports of oil were cut off. The interruption of imports will be a task mainly for the navy, but air action has possibilities here too.

Italy is in no less a dangerous position. All of her aviation spirit is imported, Italian refineries being unable to produce petrol with the necessary octane number. Her own production of crude oil is only 5 per cent. of her peace-time needs. The additional supplies from Albania will go a very short way towards

making good the deficiency. Italy's lack of coal will necessarily make the position of her oil supply all the more serious. She imported 12,000,000 tons of coal in 1938, as compared with a home production of just over 2,000,000 tons.

In the last war we and the French bombed the blast furnaces and steel works at Saarbrücken, Thionville and Hagondange repeatedly. Then Germany had at her disposal not only the iron fields of Alsace-Lorraine but also the ores of the Longwy-Briey district of Belgium. Now she has neither. She produces to-day only 7 and one-third million tons of iron ore as compared with 28½ million tons in 1913, and has to import nearly three-quarters of her requirements. The interference with the output of iron and steel which raids and alarms of raids would cause would make Germany's difficulties in a war of any length still more serious.

Railway stations, lines and sidings were other favourite targets in the last war. The " triangle " at Metz was bombed repeatedly. In any future war attacks of this kind should be still more profitable, for Germany is known to be short of rolling stock, and her railway equipment in general is unsatisfactory. The strain of conducting wars on two fronts would be increased if her rail transport and communications were disorganized by air action. It is difficult, however, entirely to interrupt traffic by such action ; the Hankow-Canton railway was bombed hundreds of times in 1938 but communication was never completely cut.

Whether gasworks, electricity plants and waterworks which serve great cities are legitimate targets is a debatable question but not one which is likely to be of practical importance in a future war if, as is probable, a practice of indiscriminate bombing is inaugurated by one side. If *la guerre totale* in the air is waged by one belligerent all things will become lawful for the other. Such objectives were bombed occasionally in the Great War and more recently in Spain. They are not, however, objectives which are easily put out of operation. The gas works and holders at Barcelona, as Mr. Cyril Helsby stated in a paper read at the Institution of Structural Engineers on 20th December, 1938, remained undamaged after repeated attempts to destroy them, and the electricity works, though they suffered slight damage,

were never put out of action. Raids against such objectives and waterworks may be more damaging in a major war, and in industrial centres the result of successful attacks may be seriously to disorganize the production of war material or essential commodities.

Where, as in Germany at present, the reserves of man-power are already strained to the limit, the bombing of industrial areas is likely to have important consequences upon the raided nation's ability to maintain its war effort at the peak load. M. Pierre Cot stated in the French Chamber on 20th January, 1939, that men of 65 were already working in the mines in Germany, whereas France on her side would have ten American workmen behind every one of her soldiers in the line. To-day wars are won or lost in factory and workshop no less than in the field. To interrupt and disorganize the production upon which the fighting front depends for its supplies of munitions, equipment, food, clothing, transport, may be as vital a contribution to victory as a successful battle. Alarms of raid no less than raids which materialize can send down the output to zero point, as we know from the experience of the last war.

Foodstuffs for man and beast have always been among the sinews of war. The nation which is half-starved cannot fight well and may be in danger of cracking. Already Germany has had to sacrifice butter to guns. Rationing is in force for butter, milk and fats, and bread and flour are adulterated. She and Italy are both short of edible fats. Italy has even had to import olive oil. The German imports of lard from the United States will be seriously affected by the new American duties on German goods and will vanish completely in the event of war. The supply of whale oil in Germany has been shrinking. The canning of foods has been interfered with by the need of the metal for other purposes. Altogether, both the totalitarian States will begin the next war in an economic condition in which any unexpected strain upon their reserves of food might well transform short commons into acute famine. Here is an opening for air action supplementary to that of sea power. Raids on cold storage depôts, refrigerating plants, food warehouses, flour mills, granaries, *etc.*, might well create a critical situation in regard to food supplies.

Selective bombing will be a better policy for us than indiscriminate bombing, and unlike the latter, will not be calculated, if carefully conducted, to antagonize public opinion or to lead to the forfeiting of the sympathy of neutral countries for our cause. The good will of the world is an asset worth retaining, but there are also more material reasons for a policy of discrimination. No air force, however powerful, can be everywhere at once, and some objectives are hardly worth attacking; those that are will need all the bombs that can be loaded by our squadrons.

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The tragedy is that science has placed in the hands of the thrusting, eruptive, megalomaniac type of northern nation an instrument designed, it seems, by Providence for the surer and speedier enabling of the instinctive blood-lust of the Teuton to be satisfied. The bombing aeroplane has been fashioned to the heart's desire of such a people. There is the drumming menace of death and damnation in the throb of its engines. There can be no peace while massed squadrons of mammoth bombers stand waiting in their hangars for the hour to strike.

WALTER HORATIO PATER

By H. C. Minchin

"Deep-buried among the aborigines of Brasenose College, Pater could pursue, in that uncomprehending solitude, whatever moral or æsthetic enquiry pleased his fancy; no one there had the slightest inkling of his purpose . . . . By the atmosphere of Jowett's Balliol he was thoroughly disapproved".

THUS writes Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith in his "Unforgotten Years", recalling his own undergraduate days at Balliol, days when the careers of both Jowett and Pater, once in the position of tutor and pupil, were drawing to a close. For Oxford lost them both within a year of one another, one in old age, the other in the full exercise of his powers. The quotation may serve to introduce a slight survey of the work and personality of Walter Horatio Pater, who was born one hundred years ago this August.

It contains, as do most statements about its subject, an element of hyperbole. Pater's personal appearance and the novelty of his views on art were such as to encourage the growth of legend. His pale countenance, with its massive features and heavy black moustache, and the distinct limp with which he walked, made him a noticeable figure. Certainly Brasenose, more famous for athletic prowess and the exuberance of well-to-do youth than for learning, seemed the wrong abode for one whose tastes were exclusively aesthetic and intellectual; but even in "B.N.C." he had appreciative and devoted friends. Moreover, in 1864, the date of his election, Pater's particular leanings had not yet asserted themselves, nor had he sought the publicity of print. B.N.C., at any rate, became his academic home for life; and there he filled the duties of his position conscientiously, if without much disciplinary zeal, proving himself a good coach to such as really desired to work and learn, and indifferent to the others. But a College tutor's work is exacting, and by 1880 he was glad to resign his tutorship, while

continuing to lecture, and retaining the dignified and almost sinecure office of Dean. Thenceforward he had more leisure to devote to the congenial occupation of writing upon literature and the arts.

So far there was nothing, seemingly, in his academic course which might incur the disapprobation of Balliol. But in 1873 had appeared his first book, "Studies in the History of the Renaissance", which proclaimed him a hierophant of the aesthetic school, a *vox clamantis* in a competitive and commercial age. It was the final essay in this collection, called "Conclusion", which created alarm and resentment in Oxford and elsewhere. The essay lent support to the doctrine round which controversy had been raging for several years—and against which, as far back as 1869, Tennyson had written a stinging epigram—of "art for art's sake". Now Tennyson and Jowett were friends and almost cœvals.

We have only space for the specially offending passage. After enunciating what is really a commonplace, that "we are all of us condemned to death, with a sort of indefinite reprieve", Pater proceeds to argue that we should in consequence get as many pulsations as possible into the given time. And it is art, he continues, which gives most of these; "for art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake". This is to make sense-perception supreme; a master, not a minister, as most regard it. One has only to contrast Pater's admonition with the doctrine of Wordsworth, whom he professed to admire, who recognized in

> "the language of the sense,
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being".

There is no recognition of soul, or ethics either, in Pater's theory.

Taken aback, presumably, by the clamour he had evoked, Pater excluded "Conclusion" from the second edition of his book, "as I conceived it might possibly mislead some of those young men into whose hands it might fall". There is reason, unhappily, to believe that it did. In subsequent editions, however, he restored it "with some slight alterations which bring it closer to my original meaning". They are, in fact, so slight as not to impair the general tenour of the essay.

Now to energetic and hard-working senior members of the University ideas of this sort seemed, even if not actively demoralizing, at least inimical to the cause of patient and laborious study; especially at Balliol, where Jowett and his very able staff instilled into their pupils' minds an ambition to obtain first classes, both for the credit of the College, and because such distinctions opened the doors to public and official positions in Church and State at once honourable to their holders and serviceable to the community. It is well known, of course, that many such men emanated from Balliol, and from the heights they attained cast a reflection of glory on their *alma mater*. It was for such triumphs that Jowett, in his later years at any rate, chiefly lived. But what Pater seemed to adovcate was, that men should be taught to exist beautifully, a theory which ignored the fact that few could afford to live a life of ease, to be Bunthornes or Maudles, expatiating, " in novel phrases, on their complicated state of mind ". Therefore it was that the genius of Balliol, as embodied in its Master, frowned in those days upon the recluse of Brasenose.

It was only towards the close of their lives that Jowett relented, warmly congratulating Pater on his " Plato and Platonism ", a work which he, in common with its author, believed might prove of real use to serious students. That must have been a happy moment for both. Asked once which he considered the best of his books, " The Renaissance " or " Marius the Epicurean ", Pater waved both aside, remarking that " Plato and Platonism " was, of all that he had written, most likely to survive. But it may be that he was speaking with that gentle irony to which he was addicted, for " Marius the Epicurean ", with all its defects, is certainly the most imposing and ambitious of his works.

If, as we are told, Pater was wounded by the famous caricature, presented in W. H. Mallock's ' New Republic ' (1877), it is no wonder. His epicureanism was unstained by vulgarity and unviolated by self-seeking. He lived in harmonious and ironic converse with a few like-minded friends, and in great peace and amity with his two sisters, who made his home happy, and were his constant companions in his holiday visits to

France and Italy. His life was irreproachable, whatever might be thought of his opinions.

Meanwhile he went on writing, matching, with untiring industry and enjoyment, his style to his matter, and probably bestowing as much care on the first as on the second. He speaks, in a charming essay on " Love's Labour is Lost ", of " the fancy so many of us have for an exquisite and curious skill in the choice of words ". Of names too, he might have added, when we think of his Florian Deleal and his Emerald Uthwart. Once, it is said, he looked over the essays of scholarship candidates at B.N.C., and on being asked for his opinion replied, " Oh, I don't know. I thought them all very bad. There was one boy called Sanctuary. I liked his name ". But this may be apocryphal!

To Pater style was as important as it was to Flambert. He did, certainly, fabricate a highly individual way of writing, beautiful at its best but at other times seeming almost to sink under the jewelled weight it has to bear. One has known people who can read almost anything say, " I can't read Pater, he is too precious for me ". Still, Sir Thomas Browne is not without his preciosity, yet for all that " Urn Burial " is fine reading. And so it is with Pater, particularly when he deals with subtle shades of thought and feeling, or looks at the past through the golden haze of memory. There is, for instance, that really flawless study entitled " The Child in the House ", which the reader cannot but think based upon its writer's own recollections. Clearly it is Pater's own susceptibilities, compunctions, and sensations that are limned there so tenderly. There was, he says of the child, " a kind of tyranny of the senses over him "— as if aware that his own manhood suffered from an excess of sensibility. And this excess manifested itself in his writings. Take, for instance, that passage on La Gioconda, so often quoted, so often admired, and well worthy, for its perfect balance and rhythm, of admiration. But would Leonardo have assented to all the subtle implications which Pater discovered in his picture? It seems unlikely.

In " Emerald Uthwart " we seem to recognize the " child " grown older, and to have a glimpse of Pater's own schooldays at Canterbury, and of his intense appreciation of the beauty

of his surroundings there. And the docility, the submissiveness of Emerald's nature was not foreign to Pater's, who moved softly through life, avoided disputes, and eschewed controversy. He never wrote a line in refutation of opponents. He could not bring himself to do so. It would have detracted from that "quietude of mind" which he commends, "without which, methinks, one fails in true dignity of character". Yet his own spirit was not always unruffled—what mortal's is? In the two studies "Apollo in Picardy" and "Denys L'Auxerrois" the depths that are stirred are turbid indeed; *fleurs du mal* one might almost call these narratives—so evil, in each case, is the climax. Again, the tragedy, the legitimate tragedy, of Emerald Uthwart's short life is marred by the transcript of a *post mortem* which is alike superfluous and morbid.

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"Marius the Epicurean" (1885) was, of course, his most considerable achievement, to it he devoted the available working hours of six long years. It is, regarded from whatever angle, a very remarkable performance.

Viewed as a romance it can hardly be pronounced a success. Marius resembles rather a lay figure, employed for the display of various facets of philosophical opinion, than a breathing man. Incredibly little happens to him until the close. We are admitted to the secret chambers of his mind, but never was such an uneventful hero. He moves almost like a disembodied spirit among the realities of life. He is a spectator merely. Now it is difficult to believe that in the era of the Antonines, with the barbarians hammering at the frontier, a young man of means, master of his time, and unattached to any particular cult, would have been content, or permitted by the public opinion of his class and time, to pass his days in inaction. Ah, but it is the history of a mind, a soul? True, and as such it is piece of masterly analysis; but the character does not seem to fit the exigencies of the situation which frames it. Much nearer to reality is Pater's portrait of Marcus Aurelius, the philosophic Emperor, which is a triumphant success. Here was a man naturally addicted to the philosophic life and the pursuit of virtue, who managed to combine both with the active exercise of the Imperial functions, to which eventually his life was

sacrificed, who wrote that "even in a palace life may be lived well". Pater admits us to the inner struggle of the Emperor's mind and makes us see the triumph of his rectitude. *He* is the real hero of the romance, not the dreamer Marius, whom the example of Marcus Aurelius does not stir to emulation. For Marius has fallen under the influence of the Cyrenaic school, whose aim, though not grossly self-indulgent, is the perfect development of self, without much regard for the needs or interests of others.

At this juncture he falls in with Cornelius, one of the Emperor's bodyguard, who happens to be a Christian, but their friendship leads to little. Serene and happy in his creed, Cornelius, a shadowy figure, might have been expected to share his cherished secret with his friend, but goes no further than introducing him to Cecilia, a Christian and a widow, whom both, in a very tepid fashion, appear to admire. This, by the way, is the nearest and almost the sole approach, in Pater's writings, to the tender passion. His glimpse of the calm and quiet happiness of Cecilia's household is a revelation to Marius, who finds less and less consolation in the doctrines of Aristippus, and seeks for some nobler answer to the riddle of existence.

But the lowlands of Italy are stricken by an outbreak of the plague, and by an earthquake. The friends are journeying to Rome, and in a village through which their road lies the peasants attribute these calamities to the impiety of a small Christian section of their commnuity. A fray ensues, in which Marius and Cornelius are unwillingly embroiled. Soldiers appear on the scene, and among those arrested are the two friends, supposed instigators of the disorder. Marius, by a stratagem, secures the liberation of Cornelius, but remains a prisoner, and is marched towards Rome. Then plague lays him low. His captors leave him behind, and a poor peasant family take him to their home and nurse him. He sinks, however, rapidly. He dies, not resisting the Christian rites with which they, being of that faith, seek to comfort his last hours.

Viewed as a whole, the book is an eminently high-minded work. The author has outlived those extravagances of diction which had to some extent disfigured, in the judgment of the time, his earlier writings. He remains, however, too fond of the

lengthy involved sentence, and of the frequent parenthesis which is apt to hinder and perplex the reader. Learning, loftiness, eloquence and earnestness are among the features which make "Marius" memorable. In depicting many scenes and phases of its period, the book may challenge comparison with previous endeavours to reproduce the substance and the atmosphere of time long past. No disparagement is intended in saying that it is a monument to its author's knowledge, grasp, and mastery of appropriate diction, rather than to his originality.

Pater nowhere betrays explicit opposition to Christian tenets. Consider the case of his Marius. Starting from traditional beliefs and ritual, and passing through several stages of philosophical speculation, Marius eventually comes in contact with Christianity. An accidental spectator at the house of Cecilia of the celebration of their supreme rite by an assembly of Christians, he is deeply impressed, though rather, it appears, by the beauty of the ceremony than by the underlying doctrine. To this, however, his attitude seems that of a sympathetic enquirer, who might have become, had longer life been granted, an adherent. It is a weak point, in passing, that Cecilia's household, equally with Cornelius, make no direct effort to convince or win him over. But he is willing, in his illness, passively to accept the rites of the humble Christian folk among whom he has fallen, feeling, it may be, that their tender care of him was sufficient evidence of the beauty—nay, of the truth ?—of their religion.

Now Pater's own experience was not wholly dissimilar. Brought up as an Anglican, he passed through scepticism to the highest kind of Epicureanism. But concurrently he took part in the worship of his College chapel—a thing that some other dons of his time definitely eschewed—and in London habitually attended service at St. Paul's Cathedral and at the High Anglican church of St. Alban's, Holborn, and elsewhere. Beautiful and elaborate ceremonial attracted him, as it did his Marius. In like manner it may be that he preferred not to define, while by no means decrying, the underlying doctrine. Pope described one of his friends as " The best good Christian, though he knows it not ". Perhaps the phrase is applicable to Pater. As to his special niche in our literature, it is beyond question secure.

AMERICA'S COLUMNISTS

By S. K. Ratcliffe

SOME three months ago Mr. Harold Ickes, the U.S. Secretary of the Interior—who is a notorious *franc-tireur*—delivered a speech in which, to the general surprise, he made an onslaught upon the columnists of the daily Press. He denounced them as mischievous and suggested that this thoroughly American order of journalist would be better for a purge—men and women, who, as a great New York daily put it, " represent the last word in freedom of expression ".

The columnist is an American institution, and it is true that in certain cases he enjoys an enviable degree of liberty. If we were to make the definition inclusive and count in the whole body of journalists turning out something that could be called a column feature, we should find the number to be surprisingly large, and a classification not very easy. A good many sorts need not be considered here. All the feminine-interest columns can be put aside, and with them the so-called Society features, which in a few cases carry a popular name and earn a large salary. The films have been responsible for a large crop of subsidiary industries, and many of these, of course, belong to the publicity department. Any newspaper with a circulation that is of any importance to advertisers must have a Hollywood column. Who, indeed, shall say what percentage of the casual domesticities of the film colony are to be accounted for by the insatiable demand of daily and Sunday papers? There are colmunists, again, of the home, talking over matters of everyday conduct and the minor moralities. Churchmen, educationalists, and kindred instructors, sometimes of considerable prominence, have found in the syndicated column, or more often one-third thereof, a daily pulpit at once easy, far-flung, and remunerative.

Let us consider, particularly, however, a far more important

company. It is the political column, the daily product of a news correspondent in Washington, or a political commentator in Washington or New York, that has become a major institution. The Washington news-feature is to be explained partly by the steady expansion of the Federal Government. American citizens of to-day must know what the central Government is doing, for there is no corner of the country that is not touched by Federal action; and, one may add, when the President is a Franklin Roosevelt there is seldom any lack of personal copy, actual or speculative.

The Washington columnists fall roughly into two classes. First, there are those whose job it is to get at the stuff which does not find a place in the regular service of the great news associations. Their medium is the paragraph. Their readers everywhere demand the "inside dope", and they take for granted that their favourite correspondent will never allow himself to have a dull day. The best in this class are not by any means gossipers, but men with a serious interest in affairs. They have an immense clientèle. Paul Mallon's "News Behind the News" is printed in about 200 newspapers, while the joint-authors of the daily Washington Merry-Go-Round command a still larger public. These two are Drew Pearson, and Robert S. Allen, and it is worth noting that they built up their present position as an independent partnership after being dismissed by their employers for journalistic conduct deemed to be too adventurous. It was stated last year that their column appeared in 313 dailies—the high-water mark for a feature of this kind.

The columnists of the second Washington group write a daily article, which could be described as a personal editorial. (That definition is correct in America, although in England it is a contradiction in terms). The seniors of this fraternity are David Lawrence, Mark Sullivan, of the *New York Herald-Tribune* syndicate, and Frank Kent of the *Baltimore Sun*. Mr. Lawrence, who created the semi-official U.S. newspaper, is judicial by training. Mr. Sullivan is a voice of the extreme Republican right-wing. Mr. Kent, although associated with a famous liberal daily, is a merciless opponent of Roosevelt. He has attacked the New Deal incessantly from its first stage.

I come now to the two political columnists whose success is of a kind to set them in a place apart. They make in every respect a complete contrast, and yet both owe their national standing to the *New York Herald-Tribune* and the power of its syndicate. Walter Lippmann belonged to the editorial group which founded the *New Republic*, and later was editor of the *New York World*. Eight years ago, when that distinguished daily was dissolved, Mr. Lippmann began writing his signed column four times a week in the *Herald-Tribune*. Within a year or so the syndicate was distributing it to more than 100 newspapers. The total at present, in Canada and the United States, is over 160.

On certain days Mr. Lippmann appears in the parent newspaper along with Mark Sullivan, but never in the company of his true opposite number, Dorothy Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis). A daughter of the manse from a small town in New York State, she has had a wider experience in journalism than any other American woman. For some years after the War she did brilliant work as correspondent in several European capitals, and she enjoys the advantage of having been expelled from Nazi Germany. Her column, " On the Record ", started some time after Mr. Lippmann's was well established, and achieved an immediate triumph. The total of her papers is lower than his, but I will make this guess, that if the course of events in Europe should vindicate Miss Thompson as commentator—and prophet—she will in a short time surpass all her competitors.

The Lippmann-Thompson collocation (it is specifically of New York, not of the country at large) is a piquant affair Mr. Lippmann is careful in his choice of themes. He prefers to delimit his subject, and his practice is to disengage the large issues, not seldom with an effect of unduly simplifying. His clarity is perfect, and no journalist in the English-speaking world is his superior in exposition. He is extraordinarily unemotional. My theory is that the proximity of his rival has driven him into his present detachment, which seems at times cold-blooded. Mr. Lippmann has moved steadily to the right. The intellectual Socialism of his youth melted into a theory of " compensated economy ", and that in turn has yielded to conservatism. His books reveal him as the leading American disciple of Graham

Wallas. " The Great Society " was Wallas's central treatise; Mr. Lippmann has countered with " The Good Society ".

Dorothy Thompson's column during the past two years has sounded a continuous alarm. She writes under the daily pressure and dread of Nazi-Fascism, and her knowledge of men and movements in Central Europe gives an edge to her steel. She is never calm and could not be dispassionate. A generous anger is in these bad days her prevailing mood. Never in a moment's doubt as to her side, and as to the evil and peril of the enemy, she strikes and keeps on striking. She knows her documents and has a deadly hand in quotation. " Write it down ! " she cries, as Czechoslovakia is destroyed or Prague is seized. She does not restrict her topics; it would be better, perhaps, if she did. No two journalistic styles could be more unlike than hers and Lippmann's. His texture is precise and orderly; hers is careless and picturesque. It remains to be said that these two powerful and contrasted columnists are agreed on one thing—hostility to the Roosevelt domestic policies. They both denounce the New Deal. It seems to me curious and regrettable that Miss Thompson, so markedly democratic in foreign affairs, should in American home politics be, so to say, in tune with the interests.

There are other political columnists, of varying importance, who should not be passed over even in a short review of the field. In Washington there is Raymond Clapper, attached to the large Scripps-Howard chain of daily newspapers. He is informed and level-headed, and his work meets with strong approval among his fellow-craftsmen. Jay Franklin (almost the only one who writes under a pseudonym) is the columnist counted most regularly sympathetic to the Roosevelt Administration. General Hugh Johnson, once famous as a New Deal administrator, wields his fountain-pen as a bludgeon. Mr. Boake Carter, who made a wide reputation as a news commentator on the air, is a recent recruit. A man of English or Irish descent, he makes his column, as he made his radio talks, markedly anti-Roosevelt and anti-British. Mr. Herbert Agar, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is discerning and always fair, while on the California Coast Mr. Chester Rowell speaks with knowledge of the Pacific and the Far East.

Now, here is the governing fact in the standing of the political columnist. He is a liberated leader-writer. He is influencing public opinion as from an editorial chair, and with a range of voice through the syndicate such as the leader-writer of the old tradition could not command or imagine. Canada and the United States, for the publisher, make a single vast continental area. The city centres are scattered, the distances enormous. Even the greatest metropolitan newspapers supply only a limited area. The syndicate therefore comes within the logic of the American system, and this late development of the signed political column is obviously right in line.

It implies, as we can see, the decline of the leading article, and for the general reader the dethronement of the editorial page. One could assert with little danger of challenge that the number of newspapers in America which to-day are powerful by reason of editorial articles would hardly make a score, or some critics would say, a dozen. The columnist's coming forward has filled the place of the old type of writing editor. And the columnist has attained for himself an astonishing degree of freedom. His name is an asset. In the course of a year or two it becomes known to an immense number of people. Like a radio speaker, he builds up a steady national audience. And there are particular reasons why a newspaper owner, only too conscious of pressure from his advertisers and other local interests, finds it good to allow the columnist a wide range. The owner, moreover, can make use of another device. Applying to his political department the rule which governs his entertainment pages, of giving something for all tastes, he can and does subscribe for columnists who tend to cancel one another out. The *Herald-Tribune* is a conspicuous illustration, and in the smaller cities the game is often much more thoroughly played. A half-dozen mutually contradictory columnists may be sharing the feature pages.

So much then for the strictly political practitioners. There are other columnists, some of them enjoying tremendous popularity, who are not forbidden to discuss public questions but who generally find their topics on the common ground of every-day happenings—work or sport, domestic troubles, crime, personalities or what not. It is perhaps worthy of mention that not all these are genial in temper or light of hand. Westbrook

Pegler, says the lady in a recent *New Yorker* drawing, " always sounds like he got out the wrong side of the bed ". His is the standpoint of the common man, the hard-boiled citizen who need not be too pleased about anything. His public cannot be much smaller than that of the first favourites, for though the list of his papers is not so long as some, the most important of them have large circulations in metropolitan centres-

It is a theory accepted by American journalists that Westbrook Pegler was raised by Mr. Roy Howard to the head of the page as a foil to Heywood Broun of the same service, who for something like twenty years has been a chartered, and serious, playboy of the column. With "It Seems to Me" day by day and once a week in New York under " Shoot the Works ", Mr. Broun carries on, a kind of American Chesterton in the matter of physical bulk and quips relating to his personal habits. Mr. Broun, too, began as a sports writer ; he was a dramatic critic ; he has long been a continuous and inexhaustible *causeur*, until lately the one columnist with a national audience who belonged avowedly to the Left, many would have said the extreme Left. To-day he is some degrees nearer the centre, and his readers, a huge and varied body of people, have remarked in him decidedly interesting evidences of a change in moral philosophy. His column, I believe, goes into only about forty papers, but that number is no indication of his repute. He has been frankly identified with minority causes, and is president of the journalists' trade-union, the Newspaper Guild.

Heywood Broun has one pointed thing to say, with some exaggeration, as to the wide reach of his fellow-labourers. It is that from Maine to California " these same names (of the *Herald-Tribune* syndicate) appear in the publications of every village, town and hamlet. This is a responsibility which should not be entrusted in a democracy to such a close corporation ". And yet, with all their hundreds of papers and millions of readers, thus far in the Roosevelt term of office we have little evidence to show that the leading columnists have made any material difference to the voting public.

I have not named half of those who can be described as well-known, some of them practitioners of distinctive American character, like Dale Carnegie, the latest newspaper prophet of

success and the religion of salesmanship. I say nothing here about Walter Winchell of New York, the inventor of the queerest technique so far in the gossip column and the radio talk. His reputation is a portent which few journalists, if any, could explain. The Winchell field is the whole range of private affairs, the facts or rumours concerning which are served up in a style that could not have been envisaged by editors or readers twenty years ago. And the affrighting fact is that Mr. Winchell has imitators, even on our side of the Atlantic.

There remains for honourable mention in this gallery the first lady of the land. Mrs. Roosevelt is the star contributor of United Features with her few hundred words on "My Day". She is prompt to the minute and never breaks an office rule. Her chronicle is unaffected and altogether ingenuous, as the readers of a London evening journal remarked during the week of the Royal tour. Mrs. Roosevelt tells her readers about the White House and its guests, and about her own incessant journeys, and a multitude of simple readers, as they say, eat it up. Here at least is material which the future historian will not neglect when he comes to the social life of Washington in this wondrous era of ours.

THE AXIS JUNIOR PARTNER

By Muriel Grindrod

"BUT hasn't it been very difficult for you in Rome just now?" asked the Irish monk who was showing me the crypt in San Clemente. He had taken us to the vault where St. Clement's house is said to have been, where, so he said, St. Paul may have written some of his epistles; he had shown us the chapel dedicated to Mithras; he had told us how these vaults had been on ground level in the days of Republican Rome. And now, as we came into the upper church again, we left the Republic and the Empire behind us and fell to talking of present-day things. He asked me how things were in England, which he had not seen for ten years, how we felt about Italy and about war, and, finally, hadn't it been very difficult for me in Rome in this May of 1939? No, I said, a trifle wearily, for other people—English, Germans, though never Italians—had asked me the same question, and from being at first surprised I had now become merely bored with it—no, it hadn't been at all difficult.

I came out into the upper church, and at once forgot the kindly Irish monk and his question. The centuries shift about you in this little church, no bigger than a barn, where Romans have worshipped almost since the beginning of recorded time, till your own century seems as remote as any other. I did notice vaguely, however, a little group of three German tourists who had visited the crypt at the same time as myself. They had shown a great interest in the Irish monk's explanations, and I had thought to myself that they were probably Catholics, for they seemed able to place all the Popes to whom he had referred, and had agreed enthusiastically when he emphasized the continuity of the Catholic faith throughout the little church's vicissitudes.

Now one of them came up to me and repeated the monk's

question : but, really and truly, hadn't I, an Englishwoman in Rome, experienced any difficulties whatever ? No, I replied, everyone had been kindness personified. Well, that was most interesting and curious, said my German. " But ", she went on, " it is so interesting for us to meet you here, an English lady. It is wonderful for us to be out of our country at all. For I must tell you ", she suddenly burst out, " we *hate* our dear *Führer* ! " I gasped slightly, reflecting rapidly that if she wished to be indiscreet I supposed a church was as good a place as any other. Then it all came out—Germany was so terrible, the regimentation was so appalling, the food was so scarce, no one could trust anyone any longer, this was their brief fortnight of escape, and now they would have to go back to it all ; it was wonderful to meet a free English person, and how fortunate I was.

Yes, I reflected soberly, as I said goodbye to her and wished her well. Yes, I was fortunate. We walk this earth, we go where we will, we grumble at petty frontier restrictions, but it never for one second enters our heads that we shall not eventually get across those frontiers and go on our way wherever we will, to the ends of the earth or back to our comfortable homes, our green fields, our grey walls—and all this just because of the simple accident of chemistry that has caused us to be born British.

That incident stayed with me throughout my six weeks in Rome. It seemed to me to typify the difference not only between our lot and that of the Germans, but also between the Germans and those Italians whose hospitality they were receiving. For among the Italians I met no such outbursts. There was no need for them. They talked to me perfectly frankly. There was none of the reticence or fear that what they said might be passed on to some undesirable quarter which one had been led to expect from one's knowledge of Germany and one's conjectures about Italy. They simply gave you the impression of people with work to do, living in a country of which they were immensely proud, surrounded by institutions which had been built up within the memory of most of them—institutions in which they believed. " We are lazy by nature ", they would say cheerfully —and so, by implication, it is really rather remarkable that we

have managed to pull ourselves up from the nothingness that surrounded us after the War, and to make ourselves what we are now. Mussolini has made us able to do all this, and we are proud of him, and proud of ourselves.

But—there is one great snag. The average Italian has a cheerful, optimistic kind of temperament which wants to believe that everything is going well with his personal life and his country and the glorious new empire which his country has acquired. If you belong to this category you may succeed in swallowing blindly everything the *régime* does. I have met such Italians—people, for instance, who listened to the broadcast of the Duce's Turin speech, leaning close to the blaring loud-speaker so as not to miss a syllable, repeating the last words of every phrase, nodding at each other in agreement with every sentiment, cheering when the crowd cheered. To these Italians the snag is merely part of the policy of an all-powerful, beneficent rule which they trust completely. But if you look a little further you will find people in every walk of life to whom the snag is an ever-present nightmare, threatening to destroy what they have helped to create. The snag is the Axis.

To the complete optimists the Axis, of course, like everything else connected with the *régime*, presents no difficulty. In company with some of these optimistic Italians I listened to the broadcast account of the signing of the Italo-German Treaty and of the bestowal upon von Ribbentrop of the highest order Italy has to award, as my friends proudly informed me. At the end I hazarded the remark that with all these bouquets flying about one couldn't help wondering whether everything was as stable underneath as it seemed on the surface. I was met with a glazed stare of utter incomprehension and the simple answer," But they are our allies ". This was interesting, because my friends, apart from this question of the perfection of the *régime*, were extremely normal, cheerful, practical people, not at all the half-doped somnambulists who surrender themselve to the utterances of Herr Goebbels. One of them was a Piedmontese, in whose presence I never dared to mention the many authenticated stories I heard of the open disaffection which the Duce encountered during his tour of that province.

But these people were the exceptions. Everywhere else I

encountered the same view : with the help of the Duce we have done a great job of work ; we are creating something of which we are, with every reason, proud ; and now are we to see it all cut away from beneath our feet by people who are, after all, our natural enemies ? Memories are no shorter among this people, for all their light-hearted outlook on life, than among their more heavy-minded allies. There was Milan, entered by the Austrians little more than ninety years ago. There was the Trentino, Austrian only since 1866. I have never forgotten a passage in a book which is instinct with the Italian knowledge of how to live—Signor Varé's *Laughing Diplomat*. He describes a conversation which took palce in Peking in 1927 between himself and General Claudel, the Commander of the French Coionial Armies. General Claudel asked me a strange question.

> ' Monsieur le Ministre,' he said, ' tell me, what was the happiest moment of your life ? '
>
> " I thought a little before answering : ' The night of the 4th of November, 1918, when I received, here in Peking, two successive telegrams to tell me that Italian troops had occupied Trent and Trieste '."

Among the ordinary working-people—waiters, shopkeepers, taxi-drivers and the like—this feeling against the Axis is little more than instinctive. The tourist traffic has almost touched rock-bottom, and this, of course, affects the average working-man profoundly, especially in places like Florence and Venice where the people are largely dependent on tourists for their means of livelihood. " *E'un desastro per noi* ", said my gondolier in Venice as he steered his gondola down the deserted Grand Canal. It was a blazing June afternoon, and I remembered that Canal ten years ago, when it was a work of art to steer a course through the traffic. Looking at the empty hotels, the bare bones of the deserted new railway station built for throngs of holiday-makers, I felt it was indeed " *undesastro* ".

It was the same story everywhere. I drove up from Florence to Siena in a huge new red Italian Touring Company char-á-banc built to take 40 people. Its occupants were three Germans, the driver and myself. When the driver came to fetch me for the return journey the next day I found, rather to my relief, that we had given up all pretence of catering for large numbers—the char-a-banc had been replaced by a 4-seater Balilla.

It is not true to say that there are no tourists. Those that

there are, however, do not greatly contribute to increase the popularity of the Axis. In every place where tourists congregate, in the Sistine Chapel, in the catacombs of San Calixtus, in the Duomo in Florence, in the Doges' Palace in Venice, in every tourist char-a-banc, in every cheaper *trattoria*, you hear one language and one only, and that is German. These Germans come in vast herds. My first introduction to them was on my way down to Rome, when from the window the *wagon-lit* attendant pointed out to me a German train composed entirely of third-class carriages. The platform was entirely filled with Germans, wearing the familiar felt hat and *Reisemantel*, standing a trifle disconsolately beside their somewhat meagre luggage. "You'll see them like that," said the *wagon-lit* attendant, "everywhere." I did.

They were, for the most part, very quiet and inoffensive people. Most of them had never been in Italy before, and were solemnly making the most of this great opportunity, checking up all they saw in their Grieben Guidebooks, eating as if each meal, too, were an opportunity to be seized. They didn't mix very readily, either with each other or with the Italians or with such English as there were—though in my experience they were always very pleasant and ready to converse if the barriers for any reason happened to break down, as for instance in the case of the distracted lady who said to me in the Sistine Chapel, "*Aber hier gibt es doch keine Katakomben? Das ist ja furchtbar—Katokomben wollten wir so gerne sehen, und heute Nachmittag reisen wir doch ab!*"* They were just very heavy, very serious, rather smug—and absolutely all-pervading. Moreover, from the point of view of the Italian shop-keeper and restaurant proprietor, they were almost entirely unproductive. This last through no fault of their own, for their hotel bills were paid for under the State Clearing Agreements, and they could bring with them little or nothing to spend in the country.

And if the hotel-proprietors and shopkeepers felt merely a vague discontent against the Axis and its blessings, the more educated sections of the populace were much more explicit. At the Horse Show at the beginning of May eight teams from

*"But the catacombs aren't here, then? But that's dreadful—we so much wanted to see them, and now we have to leave this afternoon!"

different countries competed for the Coppa Mussolini in the Piazza di Siena, in a setting so lovely that any international rivalry beyond the one being played out in front of us seemed very far away. Great Britain did extremely badly, and came out last but one. Sighs and groans of sympathy greeted our competitors at each mistake, violent applause on every occasion when they showed signs of redeeming their characters. The Germans very nearly won against the Italians, who were the final victors. They were as nearly hissed as makes no odds.

The Italian in this summer of 1939 wants nothing better than friendship with England. He has not forgotten the sanctions episode, for that went very deep. But—he has tried his new friend, and his new friend seems to be leading him into all sorts of enterprises for which he has neither the time nor the heart. Mussolini has promised that there will be no war, so that the preparations for the great Exhibition of 1942 can go on undisturbed. Already the countryside on the way out to Ostia is looking like a devastated area where the Exhibition site is being prepared. Already a special line of buses, affectionately christened " E Quaranta-due ", runs out to the Exhibition ground. Four hundred men are at work daily on the excavations at Ostia Scavi, and their aim is to lay open the whole of ancient Ostia down to the sea by the time the Exhibition is opened in 1942. Surely, surely, the Duce cannot have lied ? England is arming—but why, and against whom ? Not, it cannot be, against us, who are so ready to be friends with her, who so much need her friendship as a bulwark against this strange new alien ally into whose arms we seem to have been forced ?

GERMAN STRATEGY

By Dr. W. F. Necker

THERE is nothing more dangerous than an illusion, and the most dangerous of all prevailing illusions is that the new policy of the Great Powers' 'peace front' against any aggression on small nations will automatically prevent war. A war may break out whenever one side feels that it has the smallest chance of victory. Indeed it is almost sure that the war will start when the weaker of the opponents has become so enmeshed in war preparations that any cessation of armaments production—though they are not economic—might cause an economic and political catastrophe.

The second illusion which one frequently finds to-day among people concerned with the economics of defence is that the tremendous supply of materials demanded by modern warfare makes war impossible. General von Seeckt, chief of staff of the Reichswehr for many years, intimated in a post-war review of the march through Belgium that, if the political leadership of 1914 had demanded another goal, the head of the army would just have had to have found some other 'way out'. If Germany's raw materials to-day are admittedly insufficient, it will be the task of her army chief in the next war to find a new method of waging it in order to make the available raw materials suffice. A shortage of supplies is no guarantee against war. It is simply a question of how and where an attack can be made with some prospect of victory.

A certain Lt.-Col. K. Hesse of the German War Ministry, has been making a special investigation of this last question, which is often considered decisive. In his view, war can be restricted by a shortage of specific raw materials and manufacturing processes but not made impossible; it only means that the war would be waged less intensively and, possibly, with the handicap of a material inferiority. Hesse analyses

in some detail the raw materials supplies possessed by the Great Powers and comes to the conclusion that almost all countries suffer more or less from a shortage of important raw materials, but Germany in particular. It is only too easy, from these statistics, to reach the mistaken conclusion that therefore a war is no longer possible.

The question is, then, how in such circumstances war is to be carried on. Obviously with Germany in mind he discusses various possibilities. First of all—is a decision possible without resort to arms at all? The next problem, which is crucial in regard to consumption of material, is whether the war would be in the air or on land. The question of a small or large army to-day is merely theoretical, but Col. Hesse adds to this the new factor as to whether the forces are to be partially or completely mechanized, and the problem of the use of the tank.

There is also the fact that on one front the war is bound to be only a defensive campaign—which involves a substantial defence strength. All these factors are taken into account in Col. Hesse's calculations.

The deficiency in material is thus frankly admitted but regarded as no absolute hindrance to war; merely that, as indeed General von Metzsch and others have said: "German strategy is faced with the task of offsetting the hopeless economic position by superior striking power". And, by the same token, the Germans are given the assurance that the war, when it comes, must be a short one.

Hesse's analysis includes all the considerations that are being taken into account by the Germans to offset their conspicuous lack of important raw materials. Perhaps the most surprising of all is the fact that, in certain circumstances, they are reckoning on a bloodless victory, a sort of *war without war*. The recent successes obtained in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia have shown this idea to be not altogether wide of the mark. The method is simple enough, *viz.*, the threat of launching a war which would be dangerous to Germany's opponents, or might be so regarded by them. They parade the menace of Germany's air power, capable of reducing the enemy's towns to ruins. It is not at all impossible that the same methods may be employed in a future dispute.

If we first of all consider the acute danger of war to-day existing between Germany and Poland, we come to the conclusion that a " Czecho-Slovakian solution " might not be out of the question in this case. Poland has a long frontier bordering on Germany, mostly without natural defences. The Polish flanks would be surrounded from East Prussia—and now also from Slovakia, through which Germany has all rights of access and where she is also able to garrison troops. Polish industry lies for the most part near the German frontier, as does also the great North-South railway. The army is greatly inferior to the German, particularly with regard to mechanization. The whole of Poland does not possess as many motor vehicles as there are in Berlin alone. The railways lack locomotives suitable for use in wartime, and the roads are few and unsatisfactory.

Theoretically, Herr Hitler might one day make demands on the Polish republic which would force them to negotiate. The opportunity would then be taken to point out to the Poles the disadvantages of their position. The industrial areas could, unquestionably, be occupied within a few hours or days, and the great rail-head of Kattowitz cut off from Gdynia ; in any case it is not built with double track as yet, and would not afford full support. The large towns, with their converging roads, would be under the fire of German bombers within a few hours. Poland would have two ways in which to avoid destruction : to give in and fulfil the demands, or to appeal to allies for help.

If she gives in, she is delivered hand and foot to Germany and can no longer prevent herself from being annexed by the Axis. Her trade would go almost entirely by German rail and port, as did that of Czecho-Slovakia after the annexation of Austria and the Sudeten land. Germany would have an immense ramp facing eastwards. Poland would have temporarily saved her towns and population from destruction, but would be the scene of hostilities in the next war.

On the other hand, she could appeal for help to Russia, who is nearest at hand. Germany is counting on the old enmity between Poland and Russia. Press articles show this clearly. Russian aeroplanes might help to avert some, but not all, of the destruction during the early days. In particular, the occupation

of important Polish territory could not be prevented because of the weak lines of communication. Apart from this, Poland would become the battle-ground of huge forces, the centre of hostilities in the East. Further, Germany would have the support of her well organized German population in Poland. These are all possibilities which are being considered in Germany and for which political preparations are being made. The failure of a first attempt will only spur the Germans on to redouble their efforts, as in the case of the disputed mobilization of May 21st, 1938, against Czecho-Slovakia (which did actually take place).

In May, Hitler and Mussolini both reviewed the German and Italian fortifications on their Western fronts, and made continued proclamations of their solidarity. These fortifications are not as new as one might suppose. Already under the Republic the *Reichswehr* had their plans ready, and both before and after the reoccupation of the Rhineland the plans of campaign were revised. Since May, 1938, it has simply been a question of finishing what has been begun. Even if the defensive value of these fortifications is not as great as that of the Maginot line, it must be recognized that they present a serious obstacle to an enemy attack, especially as they are supported by natural defences, and, for a long stretch, by the Rhine.

It would, therefore, be quite possible to point out to Poland that the defence of these fortifications against Anglo-French attack would require only a relatively small amount of troops. Germany's main forces, and her tank divisions in particular, would therefore be directed against Poland. France would be held in check by Italy, and probably also by certain forces in Spain, the Spaniards and some of the Italians would have the benefit of their war experience of recent years. Here is Germany's chance to have a " war without war ", a victory without arms. If France and Britain, and even Russia, stand by Poland, Germany could still see a chance of victory.

The greatest danger that Germany foresees in a future war is attack from two fronts and a long duration of hostilities. Both must be avoided. In 1914 their object was also to crush France in a short war and then to throw all attacking forces against Russia, by way of Austria. It is interesting to note how the

plans of 1914 are judged to-day. General Wetzell, of the infantry, who served in the operations section of the High Command, examines the so-called Schlieffen plan, which was concerned with the initial offensive in the west. This plan was carried on as a "legacy" after Schlieffen's death, although under his successor, the younger Moltke, conditions were entirely changed. Russia had recovered and though in the time of Count Moltke (the elder) two months could be reckoned as necessary before the Poles were supported by the main Russian troops, in 1912, one could calculate that they would arrive within 20 days, apart from the Siberians ". (Wetzell).

The position to-day is somewhat similar to that in the last war. In some respects Germany is inferior, she has a shortage of older trained officers and of material. The war, when it breaks out, will in any case be a war on two fronts. The eastern front is, on the whole, stronger than it was some years ago, and the fortifications on the French front would be hard to break through. On the other hand, the enemy in the east will not be one, but at least two—Russia and Poland—and it is the difficulties of allied warfare that General Wetzell examines in his study. An immediate onslaught against the French fortifications might well be a mistake, at any rate at the outset. And the present increase in strength of the eastern opponent would seem likely to be an obstacle to the German offensive in the West as in the last war.

The upshot of Col. Hesse's study, therefore, is the opinion that, on account of shortage of materials, a defensive war should be waged on one front ; this, he suggests, can be undertaken on a powerful scale, especially with the use of air power.

The fact remains that Berlin lies nearer to the eastern frontier than before, barely 150 kilometres, and any enemy march on the city must be broken from the west, or the resistance of the western Powers will be strengthened.

The plan must, therefore be : to attack quickly in the east, and to crush Poland before effective Russian help has reached her ; to force an armistice on Poland, or at least to drive all enemies in the east on to the most favourable front for Germany. Germany would then have the strategic North-South lines of communication behind her, the enemy would have no such lines

of communication, and the greater part of their industrial areas would be lost. Once in this position, Germany can turn to an offensive in the west.

That this offensive must be fought is clear, for Germany is only able to undertake even a delayed war for a limited time. The fortifications in the West may hold the enemy back from attacking, but even in this case the defensive cannot last for ever. Apart from that, the enemy in the east might recover, or Poland again become active, with the help of Russia. " Our war must be rapid and intensive, we must definitely not allow it to become long drawn out ", writes the German tank expert, General von Eimannsberger. " However secret the plans of the General Staff for the beginning of operations may be, their aim is not secret. As in 1914, our whole power will be used to bring about a quick war, and to hold it until the enemy is brought to his knees by force of arms ".

If the German western fortifications are impregnable, as was repeated again and again during their review, then the French Maginot line must be as strong. Nevertheless, affirms General Eimannsberger, " Strategy demands tactics of decisive attack, thoroughly exploited, in order to bring about a genuine victory ". But this is just what the Maginot line was designed to prevent. Infantry and artillery have come to something of a standstill in their effectiveness, but there are two means of warfare which are still being developed, aeroplanes and tanks. It is impossible to take fortifications by aeroplanes, so it must be done by tanks, with help from the air. There are, of course, anti-aircraft guns, so the tanks must reach the enemy as quickly as possible, so that he is only given a few minutes in which to act. The infantry can only follow at the rate of three kilometres per hour, so they must be transported behind in transport tanks. In order that the enemy shall have no warning of the preparations, the attack must begin with absolute suddenness, almost without visible preparations.

With some 90 batteries to the kilometre, it is suggested, the drawing up of the forces and the distribution of munitions—which took a fortnight in March, 1918—must be effected in a few nights in this age of mechanization, the motor and tank corps need not be brought into position beforehand at all—until the

actual moment of attack. The artillery preparation is also quite different from 1914. Practice for one hour, preparation of munitions for three hours, and the taking up of positions 4 kilometres deep, would require 6 hours under the most favourable conditions, which he holds to be at once too long and too short a time, and therefore considers this method a mistaken one. This is the chance that is seen in Germany of victory in the west. It is taken for granted that there is absolutely no need for Germany to run her head against the Maginot line.

For the chief of the German army, the question of where to attack will be more difficult to solve than that of the method to be used. It was supposed for a long time that the attack would go through Switzerland. This seems logical for the reason that it would form a connection with Italy, who would probably be marching against France. Switzerland is surrounded on three sides by Italy and Germany—the gap in the west is relatively passable. All the same, there seems little probability of this plan being followed. Germany is more concerned with the possibilities in regard to Belgium.

But just here may be the breaking point. Although the Germans may wish to hold their defences against their main enemy in the west, it is probable that they will occupy Holland and Belgium by force, without any warning in time of peace. The attractions here are the foodstuffs and provisions, and here is no enemy backed by impassable mountains, as in Switzerland. The *Militärwochenblatt* quotes writings of the Belgian General Staff which declare that in twenty-four hours Germany could march 250,000 men over the frontier, and thereby destroy the whole of the Belgian mobilization.

With the occupation of these countries, however, the enemy command would be deprived of the chance of choosing its own terrain for a war of movement—unless it is prepared to make a strategic advance itself. There is also another advantage in occupying Belgium and Holland. For, then, after overcoming the enemy on her eastern flank, the German command would in its retreat contrive to draw out the opposing forces, and so be able to attack them outside their fortified belt—which might well shatter their morale and perhaps beat them back behind the fortifications. Actually 'the enemy' had similar plans

with regard to the Saar, but to-day this is fortified on the German side.

One can never predict the result of a war—all prophecies must cease with mobilization. What can be read from the German plans is very logical and striking, too striking for us to be able to retrieve the situation in the threatened position if we make a single mistake. Exactly as in 1918, the temper of the people is not being taken sufficiently into account, although every care is being taken to make it reliably National-Socialist. Any delay in the time-table of the offensive would mean the end—and German people to-day are not prepared to accept everything with stoical calm.

Hitherto, too much has been staked on Soviet Russia remaining outside the game, and for this there was good reason, as she was not regarded favourably in some quarters. This is certainly the reason that she places such a high price on herself to-day. Soviet Russia, together with Poland, has the first and hardest costs of war to bear, should Germany let loose an attack in the east. Once she is pledged to the allies, German plans will have to be changed, one can count on diplomatic efforts to separate the new friends, as was done with success between Russia and France in September, 1938. But even this delaying action—whatever further gold supplies may be sent to Germany—will not increase her war supplies. Nevertheless, we should not allow ourselves the illusion that Germany will give up her intentions and quietly capitulate. The last word, in any case, will be spoken in Germany.

PIANOFORTE CONCERTO

By E. F. Bozman

A WOMAN sat at the piano, playing Schumann. Her smooth arms moved gracefully and every now and then she glanced at the rings on her left hand, her engagement ring and her wedding ring, admiring the sparkle of the diamond in the light shining from the chandelier on the wall behind. The polished wood of the grand piano gleamed in the light too, and the effect of the room as a whole, with the curtains drawn for the night and the fire lit, was of lightness and space.

At the opposite end of the room from the piano a man in evening dress stood by the fire, one polished shoe resting on the fender, and one hand holding the mantelpiece. He was smoking a cigarette and looking into the fire. Occasionally he flicked his cigarette neatly with one finger so that the ash should go right into the fire rather than fall in the grate. He was listening comfortably to the flow of the music, in harmony both mentally and physically with the assorted products of civilization around him, and it seemed to him a desirable thing in itself that he should stand there, refined and cultured as he was, listening to his wife's playing and enjoying the sentimental quality of the composition which to him seemed to stand for and to emanate from an atmosphere of culture and civilization similar to his own but of a few generations earlier.

The pianist had a soft and resonant touch. She played with her wrists low, and without forcing the tone she seemed to be able to extract from the piano a volume of sound that was more satisfying and ear-filling than is achieved by more violent performers. Even when she played one chord only, or a succession of a few notes, the tones rang and persisted, and her sounds stood out like solid blocks in the air of the room, severed from the piano that had produced them.

She was fond of Schumann, not for the cultural associations

which her husband was now contemplating, not for any particular reasons at all, but simply fond of him and his works, and she often played one of his shorter pieces when, as now, she had a few minutes to spare before going out to dinner. But this evening she was not playing one of the minor pieces ; she was playing the solo part of the great pianoforte concerto, and had just announced the brilliant opening chords of the first movement disposing them resonantly and unhurried, and her hands rested a moment, white and graceful while she filled in the tutti in her mind, humming the oboe part to maintain the inner rhythm of the composition.

In her mind's eye she could see the conductor, in evening dress, manipulating his orchestra, his attention concentrated on the other instruments, leading them, pushing the living work forward until the time should come for her re-entrance, when he would hand the lead smoothly to her, falling himself with his men into the rôle of her acompanist. She could, in imagination, see the conductor in profile, his left side turned to her while he occupied himself with the players in front of him, his right arm urging, his left hand guiding ; and in reality she could see her husband also in evening dress, his left side towards her, but he was looking down into the fire and the only movement he made was occasionally to flick his cigarette with his left hand. She could not see the expression in his eyes, the kind smile behind his gold-rimmed glasses with which she was so familiar.

Her entry came and she announced the principal melody, firmly, almost dragged for emphasis, yet in strict time ; in strict time, in a sense, but with those few chords thus announced she gave a new rhythm and a new impulse to the performance of the work, imprinting her personality on it. Her husband, when he heard the notes, could see her, smell her, feel her without a movement on his part—he did not even look up. Irene, his wife, sat in the fire under his eyes, and he watched the flames lick round her.

They licked round her, and they devoured her as if she were swallowed up in the music ; and indeed she was lost to him, for under the influence of Schumann, as she played, giving herself up to the easy, not soul-searching flow of the music, she no longer belonged to her husband by the fireside, nor did she see the

imagined conductor, for she was now in the lead ; instead she saw a man who represented music to her, a creation of musical spirit, some unknown composer, perhaps Robert Schumann himself, perhaps an ideal artist who would have written for her and for her alone, a man whom she could interpret, through whom she could live and find self-expression. Whoever this man was he was a very different person from the faithful husband by the fire who for a good many years now had attended all her concerts, had interviewed her managers, shared her triumphs, her moderate successes and her comparative failures, and at the end of each evening, when it was time to go home, had thrown her cloak round her white shoulders.

She neared the end of the solo. The conductor stood poised, indicating the first beat of each bar on his desk. She reached the last bar and he raised his stick, ready to bring in his band. She looked towards him over the top of the piano, handing him the lead as a relay racer hands over to his successor. Smoothly, without a hitch, the violins assumed the music, and she fell back on her accompaniment, a soft rippling undercurrent, with an echo of the principal melody in the bass. Now her part developed and soon she was in the lead, sometimes with effective solo passages, sometimes competing single-handed against the full strength of the orchestra, a David against Goliath. Her part increased in power. She announced her second theme bravely, then was back to her rôle of accompanist again with lovely descending arpeggios. The music grew and grew ; they reached the first climax ; her part was temporarily suspended in favour of a brilliant tutti. She sat back on her stool, her eyes lowered, her hands in her lap. The music flowed over her head now, and the imaginary audience no longer concerned her. She was alone in the room with her husband, in temporary silence, while the firelight flickered.

" Darling."

The word she wished to hear might have come in his pleasant, deep voice—yet he stood there gazing silently into the fire.

" Yes ? "

Then he would come across the room to her and take her in his arms—but he did not move.

" Darling, my darling wife . . ." That would free her from the music and the beauty of the music and the endless struggle with the music. Why must she go on and on, she the virtuoso, why could she not let it all go and be a woman—or an artist ? Why must she be thinking about a conductor and an audience . . .

The imaginary conductor looked in her direction. He nodded to her. Another bar and it was her re-entry. She took a deep breath. Exactly at the right moment, without effort on her part, her hands were lifted and she was at work again. Oh the sweet music. She was doing the thing she would do. She yielded to its seduction, and no longer saw her husband leaning on the mantelpiece. She announced the andante theme in the first movement, and the beautiful melody transported her on its wings to where she would be . . .

She walked in a garden of romance, sweet with flowers, and by her side was the man of her dreams, the man to whom she would give herself, withholding nothing, the man who would be the father of her children. Dimly she saw her husband, yet the vision was not of him. It was a sentimental vision, disconnected with real living, while as she played she thought " this is the music of real life, the music of the spheres."

She sprang into allegro time again, clean and clear cut. Her attack was so vigorous that she forced the imaginary orchestra in their echo bar to take her vitality and her personality. The technical difficulties of the work began to demand her attention, and soon she was lost to all considerations outside the music. The work had her and the orchestra and the conductor in its grip. Every now and then she glanced up at him swiftly, verifying his exact beat for the dove-tailing. Back to the first subject again, announced so certainly now and with such established assurance, then on to the second. Accord and understanding were established. The subjects in their new key were more moving, more impressive. The development was rapid now ; nothing could stop the movement.

" Where are you ? " her husband called in his mind. His name was Robert too. " Where are you ? " and he did not mean " where have you got to in the music ? "—he knew that well enough—" where are you, my woman, my wife ? " He continued to look in the fire, his lips framing the words, as if he

could see his wife in the red coals. But he did not. For she was lost to him, lost in the music, just as she had been so many times when he had wanted her in the past.

"Irene," he called "Irene!" The only answer was the quickening of the imagined orchestra (they could both hear the orchestra in the mind's ear) to the crashing climax before the soloist's cadenza. The orchestra was silenced. His wife was launched on her solo.

She began slowly and reflectively. She seemed to be meditating over the work as a whole. Looking up for a moment she could imagine the conductor, his baton laid aside, surreptitiously wiping the sweat from under his starched collar. Out of the corner of her eye she could see the serried orchestra in varied attitudes of repose and eagerness and indifference. Her business was not with any of them now, but with her audience, with a packed Queen's Hall perhaps, or perhaps it was a promenade concert and they were standing in regiments, pressing towards her, separated only from her by the frail defences of footlights and ferns. Her audience! This was not a performance, of course! She smiled to herself. There was only her husband, Robert, leaning over the fire.

She began to play to him.

"How beautiful her work is," he thought, "how sure, yet how surprising, although I've heard this thing a hundred times. What a pity there are not others to hear it. What a pity this is not one of her big nights—when she is playing so well and so freely."

She went on playing to her audience of one, and her fingers spoke to him, urging, coaxing, appealing. "Why cannot yon accept this offering?" she thought. "You, *you*, for yourself. Not for some large and fatuous audience about which I really do not care a damn. I despise them all really and their frantic clapping and their sheepish upturned faces. Let me play for you only, and listen to what I am saying to you. Come to me, Robert dear, and take me away—away from that conductor lolling up there, and those stupid grinning faces below me. Hear my message. Let me make myself clear. Oh for God's sake listen to me! Can't you understand? Take me for yourself, Robert, don't force me to give myself to these sheep.

Why are you so considerate of me, so polite, so unselfish in your demands ? "

Robert continued to gaze into the fire. " By jove " he said to himself, " she *is* playing well tonight. Absolutely A1. I don't remember when I heard better. Sometimes I've thought she was losing her form lately—I've wondered whether she was sad about something—perhaps about our not having any children —but this is all right. This is splendid, this is fine. Good old Irene." Tears of loving admiration came into his eyes and stood behind his gold-rimmed glasses. " Good old Irene ! "

She reached the trill. The conductor's baton was raised. In a moment they would begin again for the run home, the brilliant close of the first movement. Irene's fingers were working perfectly now. She felt her power. The conductor slashed the air. They were in, the wood-wind staccato and rhythmic. The pianist etched in her brilliant accompaniment. Others joined the hunt. They were away. Away, fast and galloping, and the excitement grew. Blood heat. Then fever point. On, on along, on on on along, the soloist's fingers raced and flew. In sight of the quarry. Up, up, up, up . . . The last chord is a short one, and the audience would break into a storm of applause and bravos were it not the end of the first movement only, and considered bad form to clap and shout. They are longing to show their enthusiasm. But they must wait till the end of the work, the end of the third movement.

Irene sits back and wipes her hands on a handkerchief. She must compose herself for the beautiful slow movement that is to follow. Audience and conductor have disappeared, and there is only her husabnd in the room, over by the fireplace. She will play the slow movement for him alone, for him, her lover. Not for the foolish audience, not for the slim conductor. She thinks only of the music and her mind is forming the rhythm of her re-entry. Now she will pour out her heart, in the fine fruit of her years of slavery to music, and she will offer herself not to the unknown audiences of the past and the future, but to the man who is her husband, over there by the fire. The lovely, graceful movement is already shaped in her mind. Her eyes and hands are full of it—first the little introductory subject, then the broad and heart-rending tune for the cellos. . . .

Robert has turned away from the fire and is looking towards her. He shoots his cuff and looks at his wrist-watch.

"By jove," he says, "if we're going to get to the Brown's in time for dinner we shall have to start now."

She looks up at him, and the unborn music trembles in her.

Something chokes unbearably in her throat, and she cannot speak. The words will not come.

"Darling," her husband goes on affectionately, "we'll have to start this minute. We're late already, really."

He takes her fur cloak from the sofa and walks over to the piano. Then he stands kindly behind her, holding the cloak open, waiting for her to rise from her seat.

CHINA AND JAPAN

By Sir John Pratt, K.B.E., C.M.G.

IT was one of the greatest misfortunes of the Japanese that at the beginning of their cultural development they did not evolve a system of writing out of their spoken language. In about the sixth century of our era they fell under the influence of the mighty civilization of China—then at the very height of its grandeur—and borrowed the Chinese script for making written records. At first these records were made in the Chinese language and then attempts were made to use Chinese characters for writing Japanese sentences, but the difficulties were so enormous that it was several hundred years before a practicable method was evolved. Japanese affinities are Polynesian rather than Mongol (no Mongol could ever cut so poor a figure upon a horse) and they have nothing in common with the Chinese except the Chinese veneer with which the vigorous but quite different native culture is overlaid. No two languages could present a greater contrast than Chinese and Japanese. Chinese sentences are short and concise, the language is monosyllabic with an immense vocabulary, both abstract and concrete and a vast literature. The ideograms in which it is written are better suited than any articulated means of expression for conveying, by a process of suggestion, profound or abstract ideas. When this script was first borrowed by Japan it had already been in use for some 3,000 years. The Japanese however have never shown any inclination for profound or abstract thought. Their language is agglutinated and polysyllabic with long diffuse sentences, a restricted vocabulary corresponding to the poverty of ideas, and sounds incapable in many cases of being represented by Chinese characters. They could hardly have found a medium of expression more alien to their native genius than the Chinese script, and they have suffered from this initial handicap ever since. It has cramped their mental development

and made them largely inarticulate. Few Japanese can ever quite express the ideas that are in their minds or create the impression that they would like to create. This makes them uneasy and suspicious. They wonder whether they are acting correctly and what other people are thinking of them; and, of course, they commit the very blunders that they are most anxious to avoid. In behaviour the contrast with the Chinese is as great as that between the two languages. During the endless discussions at Geneva in 1931 and 1932 the Chinese were dignified and impressive and conducted their case with a consummate skill that filled the statesmen of Europe with surprise and admiration. The Japanese were tongue-tied, nervous and ineffective. Few who heard it will forget the impression made by the Japanese delegate when he compared the treatment of Japan by the League of Nations to the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. No one was more genuinely shocked at this error of taste and judgment than the Chinese Delegate—a Christian of the third generation.

The overwhelming impression of solidity and grandeur made by China in the early centuries of their intercourse has never quite faded from the Japanese mind. A State covering an area so vast as China, organized upon a moral basis and providing for one fifth of the world's population, an ordered system of government maintained by the force of its moral culture rather than by the external machinery of government upon which other systems rely is indeed a phenomenon unique in the world's history. It was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century that the glorious structure showed signs of crumbling. In a world that was growing rapidly smaller and more dangerous China was assailed by a multitude of troubles all at the same time—opium, the decay of the Manchu Dynasty, the industrial revolution, the impact of the west, the ferment of new ideas, social unrest, revolution within and aggression from without. The whole of the nineteenth century was for China a period of defeat, frustration and humiliation. In the twentieth century a great national revival began, and two questions gradually took shape : would China recover her former greatness, and if she did, how could this be squared with the ambitions of Japan ?

When Japan emerged from her two centuries of seclusion in the middle of the nineteenth century, the eager disciples of Yoshida Shoin and the "Patriotic Schools" were already looking for inspiration to the great sixteenth-century hero Hideyoshi. The ambition that Hideyoshi had cherished to conquer for Japan an Asiatic Empire which should include Korea, Manchuria, China, Persia and India might well have been dismissed as the dream of a megalomaniac. But fate played into the hands of the forward school. The appearance of Russia on the Pacific and her successive advances to the Amur, to Vladivostock, to Manchuria and at last to Korea made it inevitable that military considerations should dictate the national policy of Japan; and at the psychological moment, when the whole future of the Far East was trembling in the balance, England stepped in and made the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

The delusions that prompted the eminent statesmen of forty years ago to embark upon the policy of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance make disturbing reading to-day. That Russia, with an administration at once corrupt, inefficient and happy-go-lucky might one day conduct a large-scale invasion of India was, of course, the pet bogey of the nineteenth century. But when at the end of the century Russia appeared on the plains of Manchuria and engaged in the scramble for spheres of influence in China the bogey assumed even more terrifying proportions. What the reasons for this were it is impossible to discover. Mr. Balfour by the simple device of counting the trade between Hongkong and China—a purely entrepot trade—as British trade persuaded himself that British trade was 80 per cent. of the whole trade of China, Sir Michael Hicks Beach roundly threatened war if Russia interfered with this trade, and Joseph Chamberlain, obsessed with the dangers of isolation, used the fantastic argument that by Russia's presence in Manchuria "our existence is being menaced in a way in which it has never been threatened since the time when the great Napoleon attempted to lay an interdict upon British trade". In vain did Lord Salisbury in words of massive wisdom, which deserve the closest study in the position in which we find ourselves to-day, endeavour to combat these delusions. No sooner had he left the scene than the lesser

men who took his place were no longer content to leave Japan and Russia to guard their respective positions in Korea and Manchuria and act as a check the one upon the other in China ; instead, we held the ring while Japan fought and defeated Russia, drove her back and seized the Russian position in Manchuria. From the moment that Great Britain thus put Japan in the place of Russia Hideyoshi's Empire ceased to be a mere idle dream. The first great instalment of it—the domination of China—became a practicable aim, and the Japanese militarists have relentlessly pursued it ever since. It may be that during the ten years between 1921 and 1931—that is to say, between the Washington Conference and Manchukuo—when the military party was in eclipse and Japanese policy came under the control of the sane and moderate elements in Japanese public life under the leadership of that great statesman Sidehara—it may be that if the loyal and conciliatory policy then pursued by Japan had met with a better response from China herself, from America and from Europe a more honourable and more stable basis for political relationships in the Far East might have been found. On the other hand, the Japanese are essentially a people who believe in the gospel of force and they can without difficulty find a dozen reasons which in their eyes provide sufficient moral justification for the expansionist policy to which national temperament inclines them. The Russian menace, Chinese obstruction, a rapidly increasing population, excessive fragmentation of farm land, the necessity for industrialization, and the difficulties created by economic nationalism elsewhere, restrictions on immigration —all these are formidable problems. In Italy the population per square mile of arable land is 819 and the average acreage of farms is 3.1. In Japan the corresponding figures are 2,774 and 0.9 respectively. If, as many believe, there is a direct connection between the cessation of Italian emigration to America and the expansionist policy of Mussolini, it should be remembered that Japan's need for an outlet in *some* direction is even greater than that of Italy. It is factors such as these that make one wonder whether any obstacle but superior force would have sufficed to check the steady march of Japanese policy. As early as 1895, after the Korean War, that shrewd

observer, Sir Robert Hart, the famous Inspector-General of the Chinese Maritime Customs Administration, noted that " Japan wants to lead the East in war, in commerce and in manufactures and the next century will be a hard one for the West ". At a time when European statesmen still regarded Japan as a petty Asiatic nation—a negligible factor in world affairs—this prophecy showed remarkable insight. Ten years after she had driven China out of Korea Japan took the heroic decision to attack Russia, defeated her and drove her out of South Manchuria. Hideyoshi's dream was coming true. Before another dozen years had past the Great War had broken out, the Manchu Dynasty and the Russian Empire had both collapsed: " from Canton to the Amur and from Vladivostock to Lake Baikal, the whole mainland of the Far East was now without a master ". Here indeed was a heaven-sent opportunity to be seized with both hands. In the famous Black Dragon Memorandum written just after the capture of Kiaochow from Germany by Japanese forces at the beginning of the war the forward party urged their views upon the Japanese Government. Force should be employed to compel China to be friendly with Japan ; she must be made voluntarily to agree to a Treaty of Alliance the effect of which would be to place all political, financial and military power in the hands of Japanese. China was to cede outright South Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, the Chinese army and navy were to be trained by Japanese instructors and armed with Japanese weapons, Japanese were to remodel and manage China's educational and financial systems and Japanese troops were to be stationed throughout China to maintain order and guard against foreign aggression. The advantages that would accrue to China under this treaty were that Japan would respect the sovereignty and integrity of China, and China being thus relieved of all anxiety for her future would be able to await in peace and security the progress of internal reform and national regeneration. The objects set out in this Memorandum are the aims which the Japanese Government have steadily kept in view until the final outbreak of hostilities in 1937. The chief interest of the Memorandum, however, lies in the light that it throws on Japanese mentality. The author was not a Hitler or a Mussolini writing deliberately

with his tongue in his cheek. He genuinely believed that a country can be coerced into friendship and that China should be grateful for Japan's friendly solicitude for her welfare. The Memorandum also illustrates another peculiar mental characteristic of the Japanese—the naïve belief in the value and efficacy of puppets. From the very earliest times the most characteristic feature of Japanese political institutions has been that real authority is not exercised by the titular figurehead but by some comparatively obscure person who pulls the wires from behind the scenes. At one period the system of Government in Japan presented the strange spectacle of a titular Emperor whose vestigial functions were usurped by an abdicated Emperor and whose real power was nominally delegated to an hereditary dictator but actually wielded by an hereditary adviser of that dictator. It would be foolish, of course, to regard what is strange as necessarily inferior but minds that could reach such a result must have processes of thought that are utterly different to those of the West; and occasions of mutual misunderstanding must be numerous. With characteristic rigidity of mind Japanese believe that a device which works in Japan must necessarily flourish in other climes. The authors of the Black Dragon Memorandum thought that for the purposes of the Treaty of Alliance they contemplated it would first be necessary to get rid of the Government of Yuan Shih Kai (then President of the Chinese Republic) from whom nothing was to be expected. The best course for the Japanese Government to adopt would be to stir up revolution in China against Yuan. The whole country would be thrown into disorder, Yuan's Government would be overthrown and Japan would then select the most suitable person to organize a new Government with whom she would enter into the proposed treaty of alliance. Not a moment was to be lost.

> "For us to incite the Chinese revolutionists and malcontents to rise in China we consider the present to be the most opportune moment. These men are insufficiently provided with funds. If the Imperial Government can make them a loan and instruct them to rise simultaneously great commotion and disorder will surely prevail all over China. We can then intervene and easily adjust matters".

The Japanese Government proceeded to carry out this programme in every detail. Chinese Revolutionaries were

collected from Japan, from Dalny, from the International Settlement at Shanghai and elsewhere and brought to Tsingtao. Those from Shanghai included most of the regular criminal classes, and for many months the weekly report of the Captain Superintendent of Police was full of naïve rejoicings at the unwonted absence of serious crime in the Settlement. At Tsingtao two large warehouses were placed at the disposal of the Revolutionaries and in them they carried out their drill and other exercises while Japanese sentries stood on guard outside. The German railway from Tsingtao to Tsinan—the capital of Shantung Province—had been seized at the same time as the port and fortress. On the appointed day two special trains were placed at the disposal of the Revolutionaries ; one proceeded to a town half-way and the other to another town two-thirds of the way to the capital—and the revolution against Yuan Shih Kai began. Everything went according to plan. Great commotion and disorder prevailed, Yuan was overthrown and died of a broken heart and a puppet was duly installed in his place. The revolutionaries were then shipped back to Shanghai and the other places from which they had come, to the great annoyance of the Captain Superintendent of Police for, as the returns in the Municipal Gazette did not fail to indicate, crime immediately regained its normal level in the Settlement.

The forward party rather badly overplayed their hand during the Great War not only in China, but also in North Manchuria, where they tried to take possession of the Chinese Eastern Railway and in Siberia, where they aspired to plant an outpost of the Japanese Empire on the shores of Lake Baikal. The Siberian expedition ended in a discreditable fiasco ; the Army for the first time in the modern history of Japan fell into disfavour, and the forward policy fell into abeyance. It was resumed again in 1931 when the Army seized and virtually annexed Manchuria. For a time Japan struggled hard to make the best of both worlds—to keep Manchukuo and to remain a member of the League. Even if some compromise could have been found it is unlikely, in a rearming world and the general crash of idealisms in the West, that Japan would ever again have paid more than lip-service to the principles of the Nine Power Treaty. The gallant effort made by England to lead her

back to the path of international collaboration for the rehabilitation of China was at best a forlorn hope. As soon as Japan felt that she had no option but to resign from the League she renounced all ideas of co-operation with Europe and America and took up again with redoubled vigour the policy that she had reluctantly dropped at the end of the War. She made it clear that it was her intention to dominate China and that she would brook no interference from the rest of the world. " China ", said Mr. Amau in 1934, " must not rely on any other country in order to resist Japan ; there must not be any joint operations undertaken by foreign Powers even in the name of technical and financial assistance ". And having thus warned the other Powers off, Japan explained to China that she was prepared to settle the difficulties between the two countries on a basis of friendly collaboration and co-operation against Communism. But when these phrases came to be examined " friendly collaboration " was found to mean recognition of Japan's right of economic exploitation to the exclusion of other Powers while " co-operation " meant acquiescence in the posting of Japanese troops at selected places with power to take military action against any parties whom they might designate communists not only in the North and North-West but throughout China. This was, of course, the policy of the Black Dragon Memorandum wrapped up in much the same curious euphemisms. It was China's refusal to sign away her independence—her determination to make no more surrenders—that has compelled Japan to proceed faster and farther than she originally intended. Instead of cutting off and absorbing the five Northern Provinces before tackling the rest she has been gradually drawn on into undertaking the conquest of the whole of China.

The progress made by China in the five years between the seizure of Manchukuo and the beginning of the present war was truly remarkable. The national revival that began in 1900 was slow in getting under way, encountered many obstacles and suffered many set backs, but in these five years the internal difficulties seemed for the most part to have been overcome. One of the most remarkable events of this period was the currency reform of 1935 when China, contrary to the most confident predictions of all the pessimists, abandoned silver

as the basis of her currency and adopted with complete success a managed currency. Even more remarkable was the effect of this success upon the prestige of the Central Government and the political unity of China. No regional government now desired to weaken the authority of the Government whose stability was the sole guarantee of the value of their currency. The effect of the currency reform in stimulating trade, opening the way for fresh finance in the money markets of the world and encouraging industrial development was also very great. The trade figures for the first half of 1937 show very large increases on previous years. The long awaited political and economic rehabilitation of China had at last begun, and the tragedy of it is that, as the trade figures show, the country that benefited most by this renewal of prosperity was Japan. Then why did Japan strike the blow that destroyed all these fair hopes? Several reasons can be found. Japan is not a country with capital to lend and in any schemes of international collaboration she must inevitably play a minor part. Japan believes that in order to live she must not only develop her industries but also control the development of Chinese industries so that these shall not compete with but be complementary to Japanese industries; only by such subordination can China serve both as a market and a supplier of raw materials for Japan. The argument is wholly false, of course, for the greater the prosperity of China the greater the prosperity of every other country including Japan. But far more compelling than these economic reasons is the deep racial urge to secure the hegemony of the Far East and to carve out with the sword the Empire which Hideyoshi first planned. A China that had recovered her former greatness would never be a menace to any other nation, but would on the contrary bring in her train great benefits in the spiritual no less than the material sphere. But such a China would throw Japan completely in the shade and prevent the fulfilment of ambitions cherished for over 300 years. Therefore she had to be struck down before the process of reconstruction had gone too far.

From the purely military point of view the task has proved easier than might have been expected. The Chinese have many great qualities that have won them the sympathy and

admiration of the world but these do not include a capacity for organization and discipline. Without these no amount of heroism can avail. Their armies have offered little resistance to the mechanized forces of Japan, and even their guerrillas, who under good leadership could make Japan's position untenable or at least ruinously expensive, have done nothing effective against the immensely long lines of communication open to attack. Nevertheless, the Chinese Government continue to maintain an independent existence in the West and South-West with outlets to Soviet Russia, to Burma and to Indo-China. Their spirit is high, they are confident of ultimate victory and they continue to raise fresh hordes of men to resist the invader. Whether some third Power will intervene, or whether developments in Europe will decide the destiny of the Far East are at present matters for speculation. Apart from such possibilities the position is really one of stalemate. It is unlikely that the Chinese will ever be able to drive the Japanese out of their country ; it is equally unlikely that the Japanese will ever find a Chinese Administration able and willing to sign a treaty of peace. So far as it is possible to foresee, therefore, even if organized resistance were to cease, the relations between Japanese and Chinese will for an indefinite time to come be those of warfare—veiled perhaps but not the less bitter.

It is often said that the Chinese have always absorbed their conquerors. For much more than 2,000 years China has been subject to periodic lava flows of invasion from the vast plains of the North. The Great Wall of China running for 1,500 miles across valleys and mountains—the only work of man on earth that would be visible to an observer in the moon—the Great Wall was built to keep these invaders out but did not always succeed. Alternately Tartar dynasties from beyond the Wall have conquered part or the whole of China founding Chinese dynasties, and Chinese dynasties have rolled back the tide of conquest and ruled over part or the whole of Manchuria. In the ancient Mediterranean world barbarian invasions proved fatal to a civilization founded upon force. The astonishing quality of China's civilization is such that its influence radiated far beyond her political boundaries ; the Tartar invaders, akin to her in race, in language and in mental characteristics had

already been in a sense absorbed before ever they entered China, and the invasions both in their ebb and flow, instead of destroying, infused fresh vigour into the Chinese civilization and spread its influence further northward. In 1900 Russia had occupied all Manchuria and it looked as if the historic cycle had come round once more and a fresh invasion was about to oust the decaying Manchu dynasty. The great strength of Russia comes from her gift of assimilating Asiatic peoples. With her there is no question of imposing an alien rule from above. If the historic process had been allowed to take its course a new and more powerful civilization might have sprung from the blend of Chinese and Russian elements. But Britain's intervention put Japan into the place of Russia.

The most obvious obstacle to any similar process in the case of Japan is the legacy of hatred left behind by the conduct of Japanese soldiers at many places in China during the last few years and in the present war. Nothing is more striking than the bad effect upon soldierly qualities of constant participation in political agitation at home and of employment in holding down an alien population abroad. In 1895, in 1900 and again in 1904 the Japanese troops won golden opinions for gallantry and good conduct. But deterioration set in with the occupation of Shantung during the Great War. The Japanese soldier lacks the British Tommy's happy gift of getting on with the "natives," and the reputation that he has now earned is not an enviable one. The deliberate destruction of centres of learning and other similar actions bid fair to make the present campaign rival Hideyoshi's invasion of Korea in the XVIth century. This was meant to be the first step in the conquest of an Asiatic Empire, but the only result of seven years of warfare was to leave Korea a land of ruins. Japanese historians tell us that from that time Japan has been regarded in Korea as "the accursed nation" and that even to-day Korea is filled with monuments, traditions and literature describing the horrors of the seven year war and keeping alive for generation after generation the memories of Japanese atrocities.

But there is a deeper reason why China could never absorb a Japanese conqueror. As no two languages present a greater contrast than Japanese and Chinese so no two races could be

more opposite in way of life and mental characteristics. The social structure of China is egalitarian in character; the only aristocracy is an aristocracy of learning, and merit tested by public examination is the only passport for entry into the ranks of the governing classes. Respect for learning, recognition of merit and abhorrence of force lie at the root of her political institutions. The Chinese theory of the State is based upon the doctrine that man is naturally good and only falls into evil through ignorance and lack of instruction. The function of Government therefore is not to initiate or to direct but to exhort and to instruct. The real culture of Japan, on the other hand, is essentially a military culture rooted in force, and the virtues it has developed—loyalty, bravery, obedience—are those that are essential for the preservation of a military caste; the Government of Japan for a thousand years past until modern times has been modelled upon the Headquarters staff of a general conducting a campaign; the social structure of Japan is aristocratic and not egalitarian, the hereditary principle everywhere defeats the Chinese doctrine of merit, and learning is prized as an ornament of the well born or if, as in the case of the applied sciences, it is of practical value. Japan is thus in every particular the opposite of China; oil and water cannot mix: and there can be no lasting peace in Asia on the basis of a permanent Japanese occupation of China.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES—II.

By Ronald Hilton

IT is with a feeling of reverence that the student approaches the Library of Congress, the largest in the world (with the possible exception of Leningrad, for which vague hyperbolical claims are made) and reputedly the best-organized. First impressions are, however, somewhat perplexing. The plant is not as new and utilitarian as that of many American libraries. It looks like a nightmare-version of the Opera at Paris ; it is in sickly contrast with the large, gaunt, modernistic annexe which has been built behind it, and which will soon be occupied. This distribution of the library between two buildings would seem to present grave difficulties, but at least it is preferable to the present overcrowding of the book-stacks, where everything is cramped, including the space allotted to research-workers. The population of the main reading-room has too heavy a dash of colour, since Howard (negro) University is close by, whereas the four (!) white universities of Washington are some distance away, and students from them go to the Library of Congress only for special reasons.

However, when one inspects the unique facilities afforded by the Library of Congress, the efficiency and hospitality of this great institution become apparent. At present the Library of Congress is leading the way in the current tendency to decentralize great libraries, dividing them, by subject matter, into a group of smaller libraries. It is, for example, with the help of the great patron of Hispanic studies in America, Mr. Archer M. Huntington, organizing a Hispanic section, which will house the mass of the Hispanic material the Library possesses, and will have ready access to any relevant material contained in other sections of the Library. Research will be facilitated by catalogues, and bibliographies made as only Americans know how to make them. At the head of each of these decentralized

libraries there will be (and in many cases there is already) a distinguished specialist, whom research workers may consult whenever they desire.

It is regrettable that there is no great university in Washington to take advantage of the facilities it affords. There are admittedly, besides Howard University, four well-established white institutions: the Catholic University of America, Georgetown University (Jesuit), George Washington University (non-sectarian), and the American University (protestant). Moreover, the State University of Maryland is just across the line from Washington. However worthy, none of these institutions can be considered first-rate, although George Washington University is expanding rapidly and offers considerable promise. Washington himself favoured the idea of a national university, a project which has never materialized on account of the jealousy of the States and of the older universities; incidentally the canal-shares with which Washington hoped to finance in part his scheme have lost all their value.

Perhaps the best-located universities in the United States are Johns Hopkins and Princeton, both of which have very good (although not outstanding) libraries of their own, and are situated between Washington and New York, whither, for special research, trips can easily be made.

The Depression has had a curiously contradictory effect on the financial life of universities. State institutions have suffered only slight cuts in their allocations. Moreover, in the federal relief schemes, many State universities have received P.W.A. (Public Works Administration) funds with which they have carried out important building projects. Thus favoured by federal backing, many universities, until the Depression almost unknown, are attracting attention by their material growth. This is notable in the case of the State universities of New Mexico, Louisiana, and Washington. Some of the great State universities, well-established and less eager to rise to fame, have been more wary about accepting moneys emanating from the New Deal. This is true of my own beloved University of California, whose Board of Regents are largely of the Republican persuasion, and who regard P.W.A.

funds as tainted money. This attitude is consistent and upright, although many members of the Faculty point out that the building plans of the university were never completed, owing largely to the decline of the Hearst fortune, and that, as Vespasian said, money having no odour, it would be well for one of the largest universities in the world to acquire certain obvious desiderabilia, notably an auditorium and a museum.

Endowed (*i.e.* private) universities have gained nothing by the Depression. The stocks from which they draw their revenue have fallen in value, often precipitously, and the finances of many of them have been seriously imperilled. This has been very marked, unfortunately, in the case of Johns Hopkins University, which had the oldest, and until comparatively recently the most distinguished graduate school in the United States. A word of special praise is due to President Isaiah Bowman, who left the pleasant job of Director of the American Geographical Society to become President of Johns Hopkins at a moment when the University was threatened with financial ruin. His endowment campaign has been reasonably successful, and the Hopkins is saved. However, in general, endowed universities can no longer hope for the generous financial help they have in the past enjoyed from dollar-kings, since these have themselves been " impoverished " through the Depression. Moreover, these plutocrats, who, until recently, shared the common American belief in the essential rôle of education in building up a great " democratic " nation, have become embittered by the campaign to " soak the rich ", and many view with suspicion institutions which they consider to be hotbeds of communism. Again, whereas State universities are being materially improved with P.W.A. funds, these are available only to State-supported institutions and not, in consequence, to endowed universities. That this is unfair is commonly realized, and some endowed universities have been approached by State politicians with an offer to obtain for them a nominal State-subsidy, so that they might qualify as State-supported institutions and receive P.W.A. allocations. The universities have invariably refused this tempting offer, since it would involve a latent encroachment upon their much-cherished liberties.

In a discussion of university finances, sports must be mentioned. Until recently sports were a large cog in the economic machine of American colleges. An important football match still attracts at Berkeley, for example, some eighty thousand people, who pay handsomely for their places. A *sine qua non* of this method of obtaining income was a good team. Promising young players were therefore attracted to the university with offers of disguised financial help and extreme benevolence in the class-room. These physical giants were not submitted to any dangerous mental strain; they devoted themselves wholeheartedly and indeed wholetimely to their sport, under the supervision of the coach, who was one of the most important, one of the best-paid, and certainly one of the most popular members of the university staff. Catholic colleges were notoriously bad in this respect. Meanwhile the thousands of students frequenting American campuses were, to use a phrase now popular in America, " forgotten men " as far as sports were concerned.

There has been a fundamental change within the last few years. The so-called " rah-rah " spirit of American colleges has been transmuted. The organized cheering at " big games " (under the guidance of efficient although somewhat grotesque cheer-leaders) whence this onomatopoetic expression arose, does not flourish as of yore. American students are becoming less childish and more sophisticated. There is progressively less interest in inter-university or inter-college sports, and more emphasis on the not so spectacular but infinitely more valuable intra-mural athletics. English universities have undoubtedly been a source of inspiration in this development. There is also a growing feeling that gate-receipts from university games are tainted money. A particularly noble example has been set by the Johns Hopkins University. Once more credit must be given to President Isaiah Bowman. To a suggestion that the University's lagging income be revived by using sports as a milch-cow, President Bowman replied by putting college athletics on an absolutely amateur basis and by abolishing gate-receipts. The University has won considerable moral prestige thereby, and, to the surprise of everyone, the quality of the teams has risen. Other universities would do

well to follow this heroic gesture. Such a development will probably not occur for some years in the West, where the " rah-rah " spirit is more alive than in the East.

The two great moulding forces on American university development to-day are the demands of practical life and the political power of the Schools of Education. Adopting the usual American division of the totality of learning into natural sciences, social sciences, and the humanities, we may say that practical considerations have greatly favoured the first, have helped the second in some measure, and have been notoriously detrimental to the third. Pressure has come from above and from below. By far the most generous endowments are made to the natural sciences, while the practical nature of these studies appeals to the realistic American youth of to-day.

The other moulding influence in American university life emanates from the Schools of Education. Here is a fundamental difference between the English and the American systems. The English believe in the existence of a nebulous thing called culture ; the imparting of this manna is the main task of a university. Those wishing to teach may be required to obtain a teaching diploma which assures that they have an enlightened consideration for children, but that is all. The American standpoint is totally different. The object of education is not to impart culture, but to form citizens. From this premise has grown a formidable and politically powerful body of educationalists, who decide what future citizens need not know, what they must know, and how they should learn it. Their implicit claim is therefore to be the ordainers of the whole educational system. This claim and their effective political power have made the vast body of American professors deeply resentful. Moreover, few educators are noteworthy scholars ; their indifference to, or active dislike of research, is distasteful to American professors brought up in the German tradition of President Gilman of Johns Hopkins, and President Eliot of Harvard, for whom scholarly research was the dominant pursuit in life. The most notable resentment is directed against Columbia's Teachers' College, which, thanks to the efforts of the philosopher John Dewey and in part of President Nicholas Murray Butler, has become the most aggressive of its kind. This

grievance is particularly deep among teachers of those disciplines which the educationalists have tried, explicitly or implicitly, to discourage : in particular classical philology, modern languages, and mathematics. At present educationalists have only indirect influence on the universities, but they have already brought the " junior colleges " (where the first two years of university work may be done) under their official control, and, despite the powerful academic opposition to them, the range of their activities seems to be increasing.

The essential difficulty is that few American professors believe in their mission. The fundamental theory of American education is that the masses are being educated on behalf of democracy. Now university teachers represent the cream of American scholarship and have on the whole a scholar's disdain for popularization. Admittedly a number of professors are no scholars and thrive on the well-paying business of writing text-books, which is a very American form of vulgarization. On the whole, however, American professors do not enjoy teaching the masses. The undergraduate courses are looked upon as a dull necessity. The degree of A.B. (= B.A.) is given, not by the university, but by the college. The university gives research degrees, notably the Ph.D. Although the term " university " is sometimes abused, its definition here is, not an institution where all the faculties are represented, but one where research is pursued, and advanced degrees are given. The Ph.D. is becoming an absolute necessity, a kind of passport for university jobs and many similar posts. The A.B. and the M.A. are consequently losing their value in certain ways. As a result, hundreds of minor and ill-equipped institutions, which already grant the A.B. and M.A. degrees—there is scarcely a city of any size in America where they may not be obtained—are now aspiring to give the Ph.D. The advantage of their eventual success will be that the Ph.D. mania will defeat itself. The Ph.D. may in itself represent an achievement, but the proud possessor of it is sometimes a sorry creature, both as regards his intellect and his knowledge. One young man I met had made a brilliant job of obtaining his Ph.D. in chemistry. He had spent a year studying some mines in South America, but was taken right off his mental tracks when I asked him what country

the mines were in; he was quite unable to reply. Kittridge, the great Shakespearean scholar, had a mere A.B. and refused to take a Ph.D., which did not prevent his being one of Harvard's most outstanding scholars.

The research mania, imported from Germany, is increasing. Not only is a Ph.D. becoming a requirement for all university teaching—justifiably enough, since an American A.B. scarcely represents an achievement—but American professors are expected to be unceasingly productive scholars. They must first have their Ph.D., on no matter what subject—and some incredible ones are certainly to be found. From the time of their appointment they must burden learned publications with erudite productions which no one reads. The quantity of black-and-white turned out is the criterion by which the administration judges its "employees". Whether the individual is becoming a more cultured and more learned man is to them a matter of indifference. The motive behind this pressure of the administration is a desire to give the public tangible evidence that the mysterious thing called "research" is being carried on in large quantities at their institutions. If this principle survives, there is a danger that professors will become mere hack-workers. Let it not be thought that the old gentlemanly institutions are free from this tendency. President Conant of Harvard, who is himself a highly cultured person, has introduced the principle of "publish or perish" with a vengeance into America's oldest university. Indeed, English universities, even Oxford and Cambridge, which have been most scornful towards these German-American methods, are adopting them rather shamefacedly. It would seem that the old universities in both countries, instead of leading, are following.

The disadvantage of this insistence on production is that scholars lose completely any idea as to why they are engaged in research. They remind me of the railway worker, in the old joke, who had been tapping train-wheels for thirty years and was quite perplexed when a passenger, leaning out of a window, asked him why he was doing it.

The advantage of the insistence on production is that it will eliminate dead-wood and leave the academic forest full of live, albeit twisted trees.

There has been recently a most pronounced reaction against this unceasing compilation of knowledge. Research and investigation are unquestionably the life-breath of the natural sciences, but the application of these methods to the humanities has been severely criticized. Literary studies, the least scientific of the humanities, have become decidedly inhuman. Such is the feeling of a large group whose most outspoken representative is President Hutchins of Chicago. He maintains that in the humanities, enough knowledge has been amassed; what is lacking is understanding and interpretation. President Hutchins believes that classical works should be studied themselves, in their text, not indirectly in history books. He has thus evolved the system of the " Hundred Books ", selected from the best literature of all the ages, an intimate knowledge of which is the best means of understanding the wisdom of mankind. This is the same idea which inspires the English " set-book " system. Professor Crane, head of the English Department at the University of Chicago, has evolved a method of literary criticism in accordance with the ideas of President Hutchins. Criticism is not to be factual, or historical, but is to seek the eternal beauty of literature by methods similar to the Aristotelian ones. This principle sounds very philosophical, but it seems to ignore the modern theories concerning the nature and the origin of literature, and the validity of the expression " literary beauty ".

An equally violent reaction against the amassing of facts has come from those realists who maintain that education must prepare a youth for the world in which he is to live, by imparting him with the necessary knowledge of it and the training to use that knowledge. This group differs from President Hutchins in that it is indifferent to the Middle Ages and history, and stresses contemporary knowledge, which may be vaguely described as " sociology ". This school which is closely linked with that of the educationalists is particularly strong at Columbia partly on account of the realist philosopher John Dewey. Thanks to the influence exerted by this group, an obligatory course on Contemporary Civilization has been introduced into Columbia and is intended to give every student a working knowledge of the political and social world in which he lives.

A similar attitude has been adopted by the anglophile group of Rhodes scholars, whose inspiration comes from active President Frank Aydelotte of Swarthmore College, the chairman of the American Rhodes Scholarships Committee. A large proportion of American Rhodes scholars enter college teaching. Some of them, notably Professor Kidder of Yale, have achieved distinction by their scholarship, but it is often said that ex-Rhodes scholars do not play an important part in American college-life. This I believe untrue. Throughout the country, in small and large institutions, I found ex-Rhodes scholars busily and successfully at work transforming the whole educational methodology (*sic*). They are trying to introduce the tutorial system in order to train the minds of the students and wish less emphasis to be placed upon sterile research. The tutorial system, modified in one way or another, has been adopted in many colleges, but it cannot be developed to any great extent in those institutions which cater to the unwealthy masses.

This difficulty has to a certain measure and in certain institutions been overcome by the adoption of the English system of dividing students into two groups : honours and pass. In the English education of a minority, the former tend to predominate, whereas in American mass-education preponderance must always belong to the latter. The tutorial system is applied only to the honours group.

College examinations are being reformed on English lines. In America, the traditional system of obtaining an A.B. is to accumulate over a period of four years a large number of units—usually some one hundred and twenty. These units can be obtained in any accredited institution ; in some cases, work done in the high school (*i.e.*, secondary school) is accepted. As a result, a student concentrates his attention on one small subject for a short period and then forgets all about it. Examinations in America have consequently tended to be purely factual. The reformers wish to abolish the system of jumping a large number of low hurdles. Comprehensive examinations covering work done over a long period are being introduced. At the same time, more interpretation of the facts, which the tutorial system supposedly encourages, is being demanded. Having seen

different examination-systems at work, I may be allowed to remark that they all, including the English ones, seem to me bad and undesirable.

The same forces are at work trying to wean American professors from the German idea that a university is an institution which caters to the academic needs of the student, and otherwise leaves him alone. The American people are notoriously infused with what is called the " get-together spirit ", which, in its less potent forms, is one of the charms of American life. This social urge has been satisfied at universities by autonomous, extra-campus organizations, the fraternities and sororities. They are admittedly better than nothing, but the system has few positive advantages. These associations usually include only undergraduates and are consequently lacking in poise and academic aura. Their main function is to provide room and board, and incidentally to facilitate communal carousing, dancing, and love-making. They are in many ways similar to the German *Burschenschaften*. The criterion at elections is purely social, with scholarship running a bad second. This leads to mild snobbery among the more fashionable fraternities and sororities, and a sense of humiliation among those who failed to obtain the desired election and to establish themselves socially.

These criticisms will not be resented by most educated Americans, who feel that, if the purpose of the university is social, it should provide for the social needs of the student. This is done to a certain extent by the students' unions already mentioned. In the large universities, a complete collegiate system cannot be installed rapidly, and the students' union must continue to be the mainspring of the student social mechanism. However, in the affluent and more populated universities, a college system on the English model is being evolved. This is particularly true of Yale and Harvard. The Harvard " Houses " bear more resemblance to the colleges of Oxford or of Cambridge than do the Yale Colleges. The authorities of Yale are attempting to avoid the mutual snobbery which characterizes Oxford Colleges as well as American fraternities, and are attempting to keep the colleges homogeneous in character. This is possible at both Yale and Harvard since the colleges

do not have the autonomy of those of the old English universities but are integral, subordinate parts of the university. Harvard, like Yale, uses its power to keep the Houses from acquiring too marked a flavour, but it is not as democratic in this respect as its traditional rival. Each House has its own reputation ; thus, for example, Eliot House, under the mastership of the aristocratic historian, Professor R. B. Merriman, has become the Magdalen of Harvard.

The less affluent and anglophile universities are erecting " dormitories ", which are really unelaborate and weakly organized colleges. Most universities have at least one or two of them, and many have definitely formulated their ultimate object as the housing of all students in dormitories. Such a development would spell the death of fraternities and sororities in those universities where the authorities are actively attempting to displace them. In a more benevolent environment, they might survive as clubs, similar to those of Princeton and Harvard.

In this connection the three International Houses endowed by John D. Rockefeller should be mentioned. There is one on the Atlantic seaboard, at New York, one in the Middle West, at Chicago (whose whole university is a manifestation of the generosity of John D., " from whom oil-blessings flow "), and one on the Pacific Coast, at Berkeley. They are in principle occupied by advanced students interested in some way in international affairs. Foreign students are encouraged to live there, and programmes tending to promote international understanding and friendship are organized. This principle is indeed carried out, but, apart from this special aim, the three International Houses are really luxurious and rather select colleges.

The decline of the fraternities and sororities, and the creation of colleges or their like, may produce a certain tendency towards provincialism in American universities. This is notoriously one of the defects of English institutions. Fraternities and sororities are nation-wide organizations. As in Germany, though not to the same extent, American students move from university to university in the course of their studies. Wherever they go, they will probably find a chapter of their fraternity

or sorority, to which they can attach themselves socially. Colleges, on the other hand, are purely local institutions. Under the college-system, a student going to another university will have no "contacts" at the new institution. Probably the growth of colleges will discourage the transfer of students from one university to another. Stability and consecutiveness may be gained, but provincialism will be a by-product of the transformation.

The American respect for English collegiate life is shown in the cult of collegiate architecture, which is a special brand of neo-Gothic. The best example is to be found at Princeton, which possesses two neo-Magdalen towers. The attractiveness of the buildings is enhanced by the charm of the campus which, with Wellesley as a rival, is perhaps the most beautiful in America. One of the most recent examples of this collegiate architecture is to be found at Yale, which owes its new buildings chiefly to the founder of the Commonwealth Fund. The Harkness Tower, named after him, and reminiscent of the Tour de Beurre at Rouen, is a piece of very intricate architecture ; it is surprising that such an effort was possible in America, where labour is so expensive. Although artificial, the neo-Gothic now being erected in America is skilful in the extreme, and insinuatingly convincing. The clumsy neo-Gothic of the last century seems a poor effort in comparison ; it is well represented in the University of Chicago, which is built uniformly in the neo-Gothic style, with a dash of skyscraper. The European visitor is surprised to arrive at Seattle, in the North-west, and to discover that the University of Washington is erecting a vast neo-Gothic library with a central spire that will make Salisbury go pale with apprehension.

English collegiate architecture has several rivals. The most successful is the Georgian of Harvard, which is easier to produce, more natural, and more spontaneous. A close relative of the Georgian of the Harvard Houses is the colonial style which has been uniformly carried through on the new campus of Johns Hopkins, and in several other institutions.

Skyscraper architecture is also to be found. It is generally agreed that the skyscraper is the best type of building for a library. It has the incidental advantage of being spectacular

and of attracting attention to the university. Thus it is that in Austin, in the midst of the plains of Texas, a lofty skyscraper shoots up into the virgin air and tells the world that there is the great university of Texas. It could be argued in the same way that a skyscraper is the most adequate type of building to house the whole university. This principle has been realized at Pittsburgh Municipal University, which is glamorously referred to as "the cathedral of learning". Such a system, unfortunately, involves the abandonment of the campus arrangement with all its pleasant associations.

Another rival of English gothic is the modified Mediterranean architecture which is cultivated especially in California.

There are finally a few freaks. The most remarkable is the Indian *pueblo* style in which the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque is built. This experiment is a fruit of the Americans' love of local colour, which, finding their ordinary cities monotonous, they are prepared to discover in New Orleans or San Francisco. The pseudo-adobe buildings of the University of New Mexico are striking and not too unconvincing, except for the massive Coronado Library, which tries to disguise its steel and concrete as an Indian *pueblo*.

In one important respect is the social life of English universities following the American model, and not *vice-versa:* in the question of co-education. A communal college-life for men and women is insinuating itself into English educational ideals. In America, the principle is well-established and is slowly ousting its rivals. Princeton is the only great university which is still exclusively masculine. In the other Eastern institutions which were once forbidden territory for women, colleges for the fair sex have sprung up beside the men's institutions and have in one way or another insinuated themselves into their lives. In most cases, academic relationships exist only in the graduate school, whereas human relationships are to be found at all stages. Columbia has its Barnard, Harvard its Radcliffe. Some universities have been planned on this principle, and in this way a dual institution has arisen; this system, known as "co-ordination", is best exemplified in Duke University a Durham, North Carolina, which has two distinct campuses, the one for men, the other for women. These two beautiful groups

of neo-Gothic architecture, situated not far apart in lovely rolling country, are joined by a frequent 'bus-service. It very often happens in the East that, almost by chance, a men's college and women's college have sprung up close together in the country. Although academic unification has not been undertaken, social relationships are cordial. This is exemplified by Smith College and Amherst College in Western Massachusetts.

Full-fledged co-education is a typically Western product. In this, as in so many things, the Frontier has faced about and is now moving eastwards. Co-education offers economic advantages which are not to be scorned in these difficult times. Its psychological benefits are even more pronounced. It may lead to " necking ", " petting ", etc., etc. . . . It may give university life a strong dash of femininity and make men forget the pleasures of " stag " conversations. One highly intelligent but badly-adjusted English professor to whom I showed the University of California, kept muttering " gynococracy . . . gynococracy! " Yet for students living in feminine company, sexual questions cease to be a repressed nightmare.

On the whole, it may be said, American universities are evolving towards the English model. The developments which are tending to bridge the gap between the English and American educational systems have been instigated by various groups interested in culture as such. The specialists in the different universities are mostly indifferent, or actively hostile. President Hutchins of Chicago has on his side large sections of the educated public and a few rather unorthodox college professors, such as the ex-Rhodes scholar President Stringfellow-Barr who is reforming St. John's College, Annapolis (the third oldest in the country) along the lines suggested by Hutchins. On the contrary, the great scholars of the University of Chicago tend to be hostile to their president, whose position is notoriously insecure. American professors are interested primarily in research and look with suspicion upon anything that may involve them in administrative duties or in taking an active part in undergraduate life ; their attitude is perfectly understandable. The dilemma which faces American universities is highly dramatic. Only time will reveal the path which they will follow. Let us hope that it be the middle one.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

IN this period of painful uncertainty one thing is certain: Hitler has been willing for war, provided Poland gave him the opportunity of saying that he did not fire the first shot. Provocation has been carried to the utmost in Danzig. It may be that he and his advisers, especially Goering, believe that they can get a quick decision by a crushing air attack now, which will become less probable as preparations develop in France and England. It may be simply that they have gone too far to draw back, and continue in the hope of a second Munich—which after Lord Halifax's speech ought to be impossible. We shall know in another ten years or so—after things have happened. Certainly in the first week of July it does not seem clear how war is to be avoided, unless either Poland allows Danzig to become a strongly fortified position in Germany's hands, or Hitler agrees to take away the military material which he has brought in; and neither of these contingencies appears likely. Both parties evidently think that something is to be gained by postponing the explosion: on the one side, England, France and probably also Poland, are rapidly increasing their armament: on the other, day by day Danzig becomes better able to resist a Polish assertion of force.

The Shadow of War

Things have gone so far that Russia could no longer check their course by a declaration that she will intervene in support of Poland; though, if war comes, her eventual action must be decisive. It seems to me likely that Stalin, who apparently *is* Russia—just as Hitler and Mussolini *are* Germany and Italy—thinks exclusively of Russia's material interests. He cannot forget how the United States for two years gained prodigious economic advantage by keeping out of the war, and then acquired enormous power by intervening on the side which she favoured, when both parties were exhausted. What Stalin is

concerned with is the well-being of his country. Mr. Litvinov may have been too much the good European to suit the purposes and policy of Stalin, who is an Asiatic, and whose eyes are directed always to the East.

The Prize of Siberia

I have read nothing about Russia that seemed to me so enlightening as Mr. Littlepage's story of his experiences "In Search of Soviet Gold", and though the book has been already reviewed here, I make no apology for returning to it. Mr. Littlepage was not a student of politics but an American engineer who for two years had charge of the Soviet gold mining industry, under the direction of an able Russian. His duties took him over the whole of Siberia from the Urals to the Chinese border, and what impressed him chiefly was the immensity of Russia and the resources of its unexploited lands: vast stretches of fertile land, some of which can grow the vine, with a population of one to the square mile. Into this reservoir Stalin has been directing the movement of Russian population—partly by a controlled gold rush, but still more by forced transference. On the further limit he encounters the ambitions of Japan. Here Mr. Littlepage bears out what was told me by one of the leaders in the famous Czech legion, who not only had met the Japanese (as an obstacle) on the Czech march across Russia, but had subsequently been a military attaché in Tokio. In his view, Japan's real object was Siberia. Manchuria, which they grabbed, was too harsh a climate for them, but beyond lay territory, almost unoccupied, in which their people could flourish. That is why Russia stands on guard in Outer Mongolia. That is why Japan, even with the Chinese adventure on hand, still presses on in Outer Mongolia. China, for all its vastness, is full up; there is no more land to be brought into cultivation even by Chinese diligence; China needs Manchuria as a place for overflow, and the Chinese can face Manchurian conditions. But the easier regions beyond are fast filling up, under Stalin's impulse, and Japan has no time to lose.

In all this there appear to be conclusive reasons why Russia cannot desire to see the defeat of England and France, since that would increase the formidableness of Japan. And it is not conceivable that Russia should be willing to see Germany

aggrandized; German designs in the Ukraine are no secret. It might, however, suit Russia well to let Poland, France and England engage Germany to the point where Russia's decisive intervention on their side would be welcomed and rewarded. Her concern in the West is—if this view be right—merely security for her own borders; and this, as she has insisted, means a security also for the eastern ring of Baltic States. But her real aim is in the East, and those who support China support her interest.

Russia still a Riddle

Yet it is also true that the direction of Russian policy may change. After a revolution, power falls always into the hands of a small section of the community—a group or a gang; and presently this group splits, owing to divergence of ideas or of personal ambitions, or of both. In a small way we saw this in Ireland, where power has rested for nearly twenty years exclusively with the old Sinn Fein party. But they worked under democratic conditions with appeal to the electorate, and transfer of power from one section of the old party to another was openly accomplished. In Russia, that has not been possible. Men of forcible character have had no license to publish their ideas, or appeal for support; it has come down to this—you must liquidate or be liquidated. There were certainly Bolshevik Russians who desired close co-operation with Germany; there were others whole-hearted for the League of Nations; but the last word remained with Stalin. Not unnaturally, his opponents sought means of attaining their end just as reckless as those employed against the Czar by the Nihilists. Mr. Littlepage from his observation is certain that there was much sabotage and also that it could not have occurred without the complicity of leading Communists. He has no difficulty in accepting the surprising confessions which were made—incredible as they sounded. Men in the front rank have been removed, executed or disappeared. His former chief, of whom he had the highest opinion, vanished from official life; and he does not think it impossible that this man also may have been involved in conspiracy. We cannot, therefore, be certain what is the mind of Russia, or what Russia will do, because Stalin cannot be regarded as a dictator who has abolished all opposition. He is also by no means so verbose as

the *Führer* and the Duce, and one must guess at his policy. But it is safe to guess that, as between the dictators and the democracies, no " ideological " preference for one set of opinions rather than for the other will affect him. He will act simply with the purpose to conserve the vast domain which the Czars acquired and to exploit it by Russian subjects with an intensity which the old *régime* never approached. In short, he will consult the interests of Russia exactly as Americans consult those of the United States ; he will not take risks for a sympathy of ideas. But, unlike the Americans, he will have no hesitation whatever in resorting to war when Russia's interest appears to him to demand it—probably no more scruple than either Hitler and Mussolini. Interest appears to make it certain that he will eventually intervene on the side that is against Germany and against Japan ; but the moment of intervention will be decided by interest ; it will not come from emotion.

Trends in the U.S.A. and Britain

In America, it is possible that emotion might tend to produce intervention, if it were seen that the democracies were getting the worst of it, and that Japan—which America regards with some apprehension—were trampling on European prestige even more aggressively than she has already done. But the means which are provided by the American Constitution for hindering action are so copious that it is better to expect nothing from the United States but sympathy—and a generous interpretation of what may be supplied without coming under the edict against selling war material to a combatant. This may be all the more confidently hoped for, as it will be a not unprofitable generosity.

One new fact has been the impression created by the speech which Lord Halifax delivered before the Institute of International Affairs. Broadcast, it carried throughout these islands the assurance of a leader. There was a resonance in it, and for all its quietness, a glow which warmed the heart. No man can blame Mr. Chamberlain for an accent of depression : he came back from Munich in triumph ; Lord Halifax at the same moment spoke of having chosen the lesser of two evils. Naturally, then, he does not labour under the cloud of disappointment which darkens the mind of the Prime Minister, and as a consequence he inspires more confidence ; and his presence at

Mr. Chamberlain's side has made it much easier to secure the support from all parties which has been given to the Government. At the same time, the average student of public affairs, young or old, is perplexed and disappointed by the continued exclusion of Mr. Churchill—all the more because of the generous help he has given at every stage of these discussions. Some indeed hold that he has been of more service speaking from a position of entire freedom than would have been possible were he in office. Be that as it may, it would be hard to overpraise the service which he has rendered.

English Justice

Among all the present emotions and apprehensions, Irish dynamite outrages have excited rather less attention than the recent feats of a young golfer from Cork. But one fact should not be overlooked. A man named Wharton, who during the Black and Tan period had been active with the Irish Republican Army in Ireland, was charged with complicity; materials for explosive were found concealed in his house and a letter from him, strongly anti-English, was produced. The judge charged the jury in a tone very different from what had been heard in other similar trials, and on getting the verdict for which he had pressed, inflicted a heavy sentence. It was remarked in Ireland that he had been conspicuous there as a prosecuting counsel about 1920. Appeal was lodged, and on a re-hearing the Lord Chief Justice announced that the sentence was cancelled. The judge, he said, had insisted on the prisoner's past without reminding the jury that an amnesty covered that period; and had not adequately put before them the possibility that Wharton might not have known what the incriminating parcels contained. Most of us in Ireland believe that he was innocent, as he pleaded; the I.R.A. has evidently instructed its agents either not to plead, or to glorify their action. But I question whether in any other country, with such grounds of suspicion against him, and with the outrages still continuing, the judicial body would have been so careful to let an accused man have full benefit of a doubt, even at the cost of inflicting a slur on one of its own judges. I question whether during the dynamite campaign of fifty years ago any English court would have acted in the spirit which Lord Hewart displayed. This is one of the things which make

those who are not English aware that the tradition of English fairplay is not only maintained but strengthened.

A Veteran and his Verse

When in 1936 Mr. Priestley commended him as "a young writer" Mr. Thomas Thornely was indeed something of a novice, for "Cambridge Memories", (to which Mr. Priestley wrote the Foreword) was his first appearance in prose—though he owned to having passed eighty. But he had occasionally published verses and now brings out a "Collected" volume, which like the "Cambridge Memories" has the special charm of old age. Riding Pegasus, even at an amble, is a deal better fun than any pedestrian exercise; yet most writers find that the inclination for it leaves them long before the technical accomplishment is gone. Mr. Thornely keeps the accomplishment, especially the knack of rhyme, so pleasant to barb a gentle touch of satire; Cambridge has always been good at it and Calverley is only an outstanding example. But his most characteristic passages are of a graver mood—for instance, a "vignette" of Lord Acton which condenses some interesting pages in the "Cambridge Memories", or the many verses about placid rivers of fenland and "the whisper of grey willows", or, in a kindred vein, about "Old Hodge", with his "cool-cellared, home-brewed wisdom". Perhaps one does not recognize anywhere the authentic thrill of poetry—but does one in nine-tenths of Cowper? The book is really the product of an essayist who chooses verse for his medium, and uses it with leisurely appreciation.

Robert Louis Stevenson

By STEPHEN GWYNN

"Mr. Gwynn's account of R.L.S. and of his work is well written, careful, and a worthy addition to the English Men of Letters Series *in which it appears."*—Daily Telegraph.

"An extremely interesting and enjoyable account."

—News Chronicle.

MACMILLAN **6s. net**

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

IMPERIAL DEFENCE

By Sir Alfred Zimmern

N EMPIRE PREPARED, by Donald Cowie. *Allen and Unwin.* 6*s.*

HE EMPIRE ON GUARD, by W. F. Wentworth-Sheilds. *Faber and Faber.* 2*s.*

The almost simultaneous appearance f these two handy volumes is a sign f the times; they testify to the creasing interest in the too long eglected subject of the strategy of mperial Defence. Hitherto this has en confined to larger works, such as ole's *Imperial Military Geography,* hich is somewhat too detailed and ilky for the layman. The two books resent an interesting contrast. Mr. owie adopts a regional plan, devoting parate chapters to different parts of e Empire, though, oddly enough, he cks India and Eire into one. This ethod has the advantage that it ables him to go below the surface and ovide a certain amount of historical d other detail, useful for the derstanding of the present situation. the course of these excursions he is freshingly outspoken: and if his iticisms and comments are not everyhere accepted, at least they will tract the attention of those at whom ey are aimed. This is particularly arked in the case of his chapter on ew Zealand which he describes as he most vulnerable unit of its size in the Empire, isolated in a potentially dangerous neighbourhood.' In this connexion he gives some useful information on the proceedings of the recent Pacific Defence Conference which, according to him, 'agreed on the desirability of the establishment of a Pacific Defence Council consisting of nine members—three from Great Britain, three from Australia and three from New Zealand'.

The weak side of the book is the small amount of attention devoted to the economic factor. Due tribute is paid to the importance of oil, but, for the rest, the subject of raw materials and foodstuffs is only touched upon in passing, though some useful details are given in a chart of 'the imperial arteries'.

Mr. Wentworth-Sheilds, who is more systematic, less racy but quite as readable, arranges his material functionally rather than regionally. His first chapter is directed to geographical and political factors. He then takes up successively the naval, military, air, and economic aspects of Imperial Defence, concluding with a chapter on 'The Citizen and War', with especial reference to A.R.P. This gives him the opportunity of making a general survey in each case: for instance, the navy's task is seen as a whole and

the discussion of the Cape *versus* the Mediterranean route falls into its natural place.

The last two chapters are particularly valuable. The pages devoted to A.R.P. belong naturally to such a book as this, and it is to be hoped that there will be a sufficient demand for it to enable them to be kept up to date in successive editions. The economic chapter gives a brief but useful account of the Empire's resources in their bearing upon defence. The facts there set forth in what the author calls 'a Goebbels test' ought to be as familiar to the man in the street as the whereabouts of Gibraltar, Malta and Suez. He adds a list of our deficiencies: amongst the metallic minerals, mercury alone: amongst the non-metallic minerals, petroleum, potash and sulphur: and among textile fibres, etc., cotton, flax, hemp and silk.

One defect is common to both books. They lay too much stress on finished armaments and not enough on the elements of power that lie behind them, on what is called 'the war-potential'. Mr. Wentworth-Sheilds has a clearer view on this subject than Mr. Cowie; but his book would have gained in value had he devoted a few pages to an exposition of this subject for the ordinary reader. He is still unaware of the extent to which the change brought about in the art of war by industrialization has affected the character of military power in itself. To both writers, moreover, this would have been a congenial topic: for the general and (it may be predicted) lasting effect of the Industrial Revolution has been to enhance the importance of sea-power as against land-power. Another topic on which both authors are silent is the relation of air-power to sea-power, both as an opponent and a reinforcement. On this topic al they might have had somethi heartening to say. But, in spite these omissions, both volumes worthi fulfil their purpose, and their autho are to be congratulated on havi brought so much valuable informati within so brief a compass and in su a readable form.

POEMS BY GARCIA LORCA, tran lated by Stephen Spender and J. Gili. *Dolphin Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE POET'S DEFENCE, by J Bronowski. *Cambridge Universi Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

LOVE SONGS FOR YOUNG LOVER by Marie C. Stopes. *Heinemann.* 5

LAST OF THE ENGLISH, by Lo Gorell. *Murray.* 6*s.*

THE PRIMROSE PATH, by Edwa Ellul. *Behringer.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

FLOWERING RIFLE, by Roy Campbe *Longmans.* 6*s.*

By far the most moving of th collection of books is the volume poems by the Spanish writer Lorca, w was murdered brutally by a group ruffians because his verse had be broadcast from a republican rad station, during the course of whi programme the speaker frequent referred to him as *our poet!* The clai was impertinent, because Lorca is true poet and therefore transcen political associations. Any fool c stick a label on the elemental thing In this case the result was that Lorc life was cut off in its prime. But ev so, he was famous throughout t Spanish-speaking worlds of the t continents.

What made him famous? What ade his verse common property, like lk-songs, or the time-tested songs of ope de Vega? I should say because its simplicity. Even when he is sive, with his meanings telescoped to violently juxtaposed images, the ader has a sense of the directness of vision and of the expression of it. ese qualities are not easy to translate to another language, and Mr. Spender d Mr. Gili are to be congratulated on hat they have done in their version. carries the simplicity and directness thout any sense of fuss or effort. d also it catches the startling, nsuous phrase and image; that *ysical* thing which the late A. E. ousman said was the basis of true etry. Such poems as *The Faithless ife*, and *Monologue of the Moon* come on the reader like cold rain in the ce; or like food when one is hungry.

Mr. Bronowski, a critic whose name new to me, has something to say out Housman in his provocative llection of critical studies. His ethod is that of the machine-gun. stabs his subjects with quick, angry cratic sentences. He is formidable his method, and I admire it. It akes for clarity of expression, and ere is not an obscure passage in the ok, nor any cloudy generalizations. e says "I have tried to write criticism reasoned as geometry". He has ceeded. But this geometrical proach to life does not always explain It is rather like travelling by olley bus. It makes us echo Mr. onowski's own words, "What is iticism worth? What is poetry rth? has been asked and answered great men who were both critics d poets". The great men whom the author has chosen are Philip Sidney, Shelley, Dryden, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Swinburne, Yeats. And he has also sub-pœnaed Housman, who was not a great man but merely a morbidly sensitive one who escaped into scholarship as into a monastery. Mr. Bronowski's jury is an impressive one, and he handles it with the skill of an ace-lawyer.

But, after one has admired, the cold surmise of common sense creeps in. Mr. Bronowski talks of Shelley as "only a small poet who held to poetry because he had not thought it an end". It is right enough to blame Shelley for his Eton-Oxford political idealism (a weakness which so many of our present-day poets share). But is it not a fact that Shelley, by the time he was thirty, had left a huge body of verse which still works like a leaven in the minds of men, maddening them with a sense of beauty, of thought, of transcendental vision? A small poet could not have so conquered time and posterity. Mr. Bronowski's attitude is an example of the nonsense into which logic can lead us.

The Primrose Path is a second volume from Mr. Ellul, and it shows this gay and witty writer at his best. He is a shrewd observer of mice and men. He can imply a lot in a little space. His Latin mind sees clearly, and brings into English verse a critical quality which is original and lively. He answers any adverse criticism by saying, justifiably,

> "You sneered at my slim book. A poetaster
> Like you can reel his poems off much faster;
> But I prefer to meditate for ages
> And then speak volumes with two dozen pages."

Lord Gorell maintains his standard of traditional verse, and adds three experiments in verse dialogue which might well be tried out by verse-

speakers to see how this poet's mood and measures stand the criticism of an audience.

Of the other volumes in this group, I am glad to have little to say, for the less said the better. Mr. Campbell, whose former work I have so much admired, here writes in a fury of political partisanship. When people shout, they caricature themselves. *Flowering Rifle* is a shout and a violent posture, and I don't like it. Miss Stope's *Love songs for Young Lovers* have brought a blush to my cheek, but not the sort of blush which she intended. Mr. Masefield has said of these verses that Miss Stopes " is doing well what no one else could do ". I agree with him.

RICHARD CHURCH.

ADVENTURES ASHORE AND AFLOAT by Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Roger Keyes. *Harrap.* 18*s.*

This is the third volume of Sir Roger Keyes' memoirs, but the dates covered ought to make it the first volume !

To quote Mr. Churchill's foreword, " This book is not only the account of the early career of one of our national heroes, but it gives a lively, varied picture of the life of a naval cadet and young officer in those exhilarating days ".

Sir Roger himself writes of it as describing " the passing of sail and birth of the New Navy ", which might be called " the end of the Nelson period ", as far as ships and their armament are concerned, but it is a striking fact that the essential qualities of the British naval personnel change not at all. Sir Roger says many things that might have been said by Nelson, especially in his unerring judgment of character.

The story of a great man's care can never be told by anyone else as can tell it himself. He does not see from without, but he knows it fro within, which makes an incomparab difference, and it is certainly thrilli and somewhat unusual to have such history as that of Sir Roger " fro within ".

His story begins with a delightf portrait of himself when four years ol in a sailor-suit. If asked at that tim what he was going to be, he alwa answered " An Admiral ".

After giving his life as naval cad and midshipman he describes h exciting adventures in boat-cruisi for slavers off Zanzibar in 1890, a observes that Germany then seemed have had evident designs on Zanziba " Boat-cruising ", he says, " w certainly a wonderful experience for boy of seventeen and taught me lesso I could never have learnt under norm conditions afloat ".

As he says, the early part of t volume, after a realistic descripti of the " passing of sail ", goes on wi the beginning of the " New Navy when he had experience in H.M. *Curaças,* of recruiting round the coas of Great Britain and Ireland as pa of a scheme for the rapid expansi of the Navy, to man the new shi coming into service, as a result of t Naval Defence Act of 1889.

The second half of the book de chiefly with the relief of Peking at t time of the China Boxer Rising 1900—1901, when Lieutenant Key distinguished himself in command of small destroyer, the *Fame.* He, wi Lieutenant Colin Mackenzie, in anoth small destroyer, the *Whiting,* captur four Chinese destroyers off Tong-Ku

prise attack, and he also took a ong fort up the river Peiho, with redibly small numbers under his nmand. Attached as A.D.C. to the tish military Commander-in-Chief hoisted the first Union Jack on the lls of Peking.

The account of the capture of the ku forts is one of the best and most listic chapters in the book. Sir Roger es many details which naturally not be found in the official dis-ches and documents which have been died for historical purposes by the ter of this review.

After the action off Tong-Ku, a rman ship, the *Iltis*, passed the *Fame* l gave a rousing cheer, while Lans, captain, shouted "Well done, my r fellow!"

At the same time one of the officers the American ship *Monacy*, seeing British ensign flying in the four nese destroyers, also shouted out—chaff Lieutenant Keyes—"Well ne! Just like you British—bagging the most valuable prizes!"

The book is a fine one, and should be d with interest in every part of the rld.

E. M. Keate.

RAW INTO GOLD, by Edmund Vale. *Methuen*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

SINGLE FLAME, by Martin Boyd. *Dent*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

We face another war, and these obiographies describe the effect of last one on two sensitive young rary men. Mr. Boyd has written ne successful novels, and Mr. Vale an established topographical writer. neither, in his own view, has npletely fulfilled an early promise t was submerged by the 1914-1918 conflict. The two books, otherwise contrasting, provide a joint social document of importance.

Mr. Boyd suffered from an Australian upbringing, which reads like a mixture of Cheltenham and Camberley with a dash of Lourdes. As he says himself, "the worst Australian characteristic is a reverence for money, and for the artificial social distinctions created by its possession in any quantity". His pastors and masters taught him a second-hand version of the public school code, while he dallied himself, a much-inhibited youth, with thoughts of love and religion. Then came the war, and he was carried to Europe just at the time when all his energies were needed to solve his personal problems. He was hammered at high pressure into the familiar mould, but could not close his eyes to the sexual preoccupations of his fellow officers. Afterwards he could settle down to nothing; tried religion; observed more sex; wrote those novels; and found at the last a great emptiness which nothing, philosophy, reverence, morality, poetry or patriotism could fill. He was bereft both of "the religion and standard of conduct which would provide the necessary courage to wade through the fen of stagnant waters".

Perhaps the contrast between Mr. Boyd and Mr. Vale is merely the superficial one as between Australian and Englishman. On the face of it, Mr. Boyd was born a pessimist, while Mr. Vale was blessed with the silver spoon of congenital optimism. After aspirations towards poetry at Cambridge and subsequent success with serious short stories, Mr. Vale was similarly flung into that War, and emerged with

a similar malaise. "Outwardly the War had left no mark on me. It had not wounded me, gassed me, driven me to drink or even to women. But it had evidently done harm to that part of me which could not be got at and handed over to any one for repairs". He found that he could no longer write; sank his small private means in hair-brained commercial enterprise; then slowly taught himself to write the kind of topographical stuff that yields a modest pittance.

But Mr. Vale's more sanguine attitude does, in the long run, go far to counteract those vicious forces of war and social disruption. Perhaps he is neither such an artist nor such a prig as Mr. Boyd, but he emerges from his contrasting book as something more of a man, and one can applaud his fine struggle while only sympathizing with Mr. Boyd's misfortune. Both books end at the September crisis, when Mr. Boyd feels that there is nothing left worth fighting for, and Mr. Vale prepares for the worst with a wry but determined smile. One reviewer finds more meat in a short, isolated paragraph of Mr. Vale's than in all Mr. Boyd's philosophy of despair; the following paragraph:

> "Can we only show a united front and greatness of purpose when war is in our gates? Another war for the freedom and integrity of a small nation brewing? And shall we sacrifice our best people, and so win it? And shall we then give away the fruits of victory with both hands instead of using them intelligently in the interests of maintaining peace for at least a century?"

Both books are written well, and both provide sideline commentaries on the singular difficulties of the literary worker in this barbarian country. That both Mr. Boyd and Mr. Vale are still professional writers after so many hollow years is a striking testimony to their faith in themselves, because the have had no other kind of help, save, Mr. Vale's case, from his wife. The could both submerge, and an indifferer community would pass on, regardles of heroes.

DONALD COWIE.

JUDAS, by Eric Linklater. *Cape.* 6

This is a memorable book. M Linklater's keen insight into characte his ability to recreate the setting of th past, and his fine writing, all contribut to the illusion that thus and thus it mus have been. Most Christians must hav their own picture of Judas, shadow though the Bible evidence undoubtedl is. Mr. Linklater makes him Sadducee, a keeper of the disciples' purs a comparatively rich man, attracted t Jesus by a genuine love but repelle when the message of peace and goo will seems to be threatening bloodshe and war.

Judas understands the meaning money and property, and respects th power it brings. Jesus, apparently does neither. Jesus will overturn th tables of the money-changers witho a thought for Judas, who sees in it a act of "wantonness, the meaningle destruction of all that made the dail business of living comprehensible Worse still, Jesus will accept from harlot, Mary of Magdala, a jar perfume worth ten or twelve pounds an smile while she anoints his forehead an his feet.

So Judas begins to hate Jesus an under pressure from his uncle Phanue agrees to betray him to the Sanhedri Judas sees himself in the *rôle* of th saviour of the people. If Jesus remai free there will be bloodshed, and it is the power of Judas, the pacifist, to sa

e lives of many people and to protect
operty. "They're all alike, these
called idealists", says one prosperous
izen after the crucifixion". "They
gin by inventing some new religion,
d finish up by attacking property".

The greatest tragedy has been
acted and in the mouth of Judas
ere is only bitterness. He has received
thanks; he has been paid for the
d as a common informer. Wracked
his own thoughts he is finally beaten
wn by his sister, Tamar, who tells
n that he has killed the only man who
ild give him peace of heart. And so
das, the emotional, who has much
od in him, seeks the only way out and
Believe", says Tamar to her uncle
anuel, "is a poor word. Judas
lieved, and then he betrayed Jesus
d hanged himself. Belief isn't good
ough for me. I know!" "Your
or mother!" said Phanuel. And
ce the book is about Judas, at this
int I think Mr. Linklater might have
de the end.

But I have no quarrel with him. The
ok contains many lovely passages.
ere is the moment when Judas
ing among the olive trees, looking
wn at the road to Bethany, perceives
us in the distance.

> There was a crowd of people in formation like a shoal of little fish in a stream, when the current shapes the mass. They were coming slowly, with a wavering flux in their movement, as though swimming against the invisible current. And then from the slope of the hill, from hollows and couches among the rocks, rose another crowd and ran to meet them . . . They were like a flock of birds—crows rising, harsh of voice, with ragged wings—and in the fixity of their expression was something of the mindless intensity of birds. He followed them, his heart beating more quickly, his breath coming fast and shallow.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

MODERN SWEDEN, by Cicely Hamilton. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

HAPPY COUNTRIES, by V. C. Buckley. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

We have begun to discover Scandinavia. American travellers and writers blazed the trail. But in the last year or so a number of British authors have followed in their wake. For various reasons, including the international situation, the 'Drang nach Osten' on the part of British tourists has been inclined to shift to the north of the Baltic.

In the old pre-War days the British angler represented our travelling public in these Northern climes; but his haunts were confined to Norwegian streams and fjords and his interests to trout and salmon. A later stage of discovery was opened up by sea-cruises in Northern waters. And now we have reached a point when exploration on foot and by car is being carried into the interior.

Not a few surprises await the English traveller in Scandinavia. If he imagines that he is destined to find a civilization somewhat cruder than his own, he will return a wiser and a humbler man. The fact is that modern Scandinavia is the purest repository of our European civilization, and can look with a superior eye on the "progress and efficiency" of the "Great-Power" nations, weighed down with their mass populations, their complex economic and social problems, their armaments, and all the frictions into which their possessive and predatory instincts have led them.

In her book on Sweden, Miss Hamilton says that: "More than once I have heard the Swedes described as the most civilized people in Europe; if that be so (and I do not contradict) it is because

they, better than any other people, have known how to reconcile the life of our modern mechanical age with the tradition of a country-bred race. Even the most town-bred among them is not wholly a man of the town; he lives with the land close by—a land, moreover, in which he has room to move since his country is nearly the size of France and its population would not fill Greater London".

This perspicacious statement can be applied, in general terms, to the three other countries that compose the Scandinavian group—to Norway, to Denmark and to Finland. In fact, taking Sweden as its theme, Miss Hamilton's book is an illuminating introduction to many of the characteristics and to the general background of the races living north of the Baltic. Sweden's great achievements in national and municipal government, in housing conditions, education, modern architecture, gymnastics—the whole field, in fact, of the development of her social life—come under her survey. Interlacing these subjects are pleasantly diverting chapters on such matters as the history and problem of the Lapps, the charm of the old-world province of Dalecarlia, the varied delights of Swedish food, and the "Sweden of Yesterday".

The real value of Miss Hamilton's book is that it combines personal experience, a personal approach to the country, with much knowledge culled from other sources. The result is a volume that presents the reader with authoritative information shot through with personal impressions illustrating main statements. It is a book that can be thoroughly recommended to any would-be traveller to Sweden.

Mr. Buckley in his "Happy Countries" paints on a much wider canvas. His journeyings, partly by car, partly by air, took him through all four countries and up to the Arctic Circle. Mr. Buckley's canvas is, in fact, almost too wide, and he has not improved his picture by introducing into it numerous small episodes and personal reactions to life that have no particular bearing on the subject matter. Typical of such irrelevancies is his remark in describing the start of his air journey from Stockholm to Helsingfors: "Although I have a shocking head for heights I never feel giddy in the air—only rather nervous". The essence of writing good travel literature of this kind is to introduce one's own personal impressions and experiences only so far as they serve to present a more intelligible picture, but never to impose upon the reader facts or ideas of interest solely to the author or his friends. Some pruning might well have made this book better reading than it is, but it is only fair to say that its general effect is to leave a long trail of delightful vistas in the reader's mind.

EDWARD LIVEING.

THE GREAT DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM by Charles Richard Cammell. *Collins*. 21*s*.

There exists no authoritative life of George Villiers, the favourite of James I and Charles I, and Mr. Cammell, associate editor of "The Connoisseur", has been at work on this book for many years. He gives an enthusiastic portrait, but the biography has awkward moments. Take, for example, the case of Jacobina. Mr. Cammell finds it strange that Buckingham's second daughter, "Jacobina (named

fter King James) born 1623", who died shortly after birth" to the infinite sorrow" of the parents, is nored by Wotton when enumerating ie Duke's children.

If Mr. Cammell had looked up even obvious a secondary source as the alendar of State Papers for 1622, he ould have discovered that a letter-riter of March 30, 1622, referred to the rth of Buckingham's daughter and inks her name will be Jacobina. In oint of fact, it was Mary. There was such person as Jacobina.

" Biographer " is, perhaps, not quite e right description. ' Panegyrist ' is ore apt. Mr. Cammell seems almost worship Buckingham, and the book so naïvely enthusiastic and uncritical at it is impossible even to be annoyed its juvenility. Everything in uckingham's favour is printed : almost erything against him omitted. When r John Oglander—to take one example says anything in favour of the Duke, is quoted as " a man who wrote ithout malice and was just as far as s knowledge could make him ". But r. Cammell's apparently deliberate nission of Oglander's " Reflections on e Expedition to the Ile de Rhé "—a ost damning indictment of Bucking-m's incompetence—casts as grave oubts on the honesty with which aterial is used as the ' Jacobina ' isode casts on the author's competence use it.

Of the style and approach, this is a r sample : " It was May when ckingham arrived in Paris . . . and ckingham, riding with his retinue rough Normandy, on into the Ile de ance, under the young green of the wly-vested poplars and beeches and estnut trees, entered the French capital, which held so many memories of his youth, with his ardent spirit exalted to a state of expectant enthusiasm bordering on enchantment."

But in his chapters on Buckingham as a connoisseur and the portraits of Buckingham, Mr. Cammell is on ground he knows ; and this part of the book is valuable. There are also good illustrations.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON.

HAPPY COUNTRYMAN, by C. Henry Warren. *Geoffrey Bles.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE COUNTRYMAN'S ENGLAND, by John Moore. *Seeley Service.* 8*d.* 6*d.*

" Green, green, green, nothing but green. Give me one of our streets ! " The cockney youth who was overheard thus describing his impressions of the countryside did more than express his opinion to a friend—he summed up in a short sentence the frame of mind which has been engendered in a great many people by the surroundings in which ever-increasing numbers of them are being compelled to spend their lives. The townsman is hemmed about by things which have been created by man and are subservient to their creator. Everything upon which his eye may fall is man-made, and in such an atmosphere it is not surprising that those who dwell therein should come to think that the ordinary circumstances of Life are artificially created and placed where they are, to be accepted or rejected as the whim or the circumstance of the beholder dictate. The countryman, on the other hand, has for countless generations accepted his surroundings and has, as a matter of course, fitted in with them as an essential part of the natural scheme.

It is this aspect of the essential difference between Town and Country to which Mr. Warren refers when he writes of the countryman: "The result in the end had been a rich and intensely personal life. It is the lack of this same fullness of life, won, no doubt, at the expense of much suffering, that Mark deplores in the world to-day. Social organizations may take some of the sting out of suffering now, but they also tend to rob life of its fullness by lessening its intense individuality".

In his book Mr. Henry Warren has written down the tales, and recorded therein the philosophy, of the true countryman, an old man who has lived through an age which has now disappeared, an old man who, despite the vicissitudes of fortune and a varied existence, has retained his own bright individuality and has remained at heart a true countryman, to return at last to spend the twilight of his days in the village which saw their dawn. Mr. Warren has recounted the stories as they have been told to him, but his book is no anthology, it is a consecutive, well-ordered narrative in which the comments which he himself has to make throw into bold relief the different characters and the types which they represent. In such a narrative there is much for the passing of which we can but be thankful, but one is left wondering whether the price that is demanded is not too high.

If Mr. Warren looks upon the true spirit of the countryside as a precious and possibly evanescent heritage which must be carefully treasured, something like Darby's harvest-bottle, "A little masterpiece which I am pleased to think has been saved from the rubbish-heap to hang from my kitchen beams, a reminder of one of Larkfield's ablest craftsmen", Mr Moore shows us in his study of the Countryman's England that this spirit is still very much alive.

Here is a young man, still in his early thirties, who, born and bred in the country has since been able to withstand the town-ward drift. In describing an infinitesimally small area of the earth's surface he shows the true insight of the countryman. It is the small things, the old memories which bind him to the soil in which he finds happiness and contentment, such as many seek but most pass by on the road. His book shows more clearly than any learned thesis that the spirit of the countryside that spirit which has been the spirit of the race through immemorial ages still lives in the quiet places of our land and can still adapt itself, as it has in the past, to the many changes of an ever-changing world in which there will always be those who know every yard of the road instead of every mile of it.

R. Ansell Wells.

MISCELLANEA

HARRAP'S STANDARD FRENCH ENGLISH DICTIONARY Vol. II Edited by J. E. Mansion.

Mr. J. E. Mansion's undertaking deserves all the encomiums that have been lavished upon it. When the present reviewer addressed himself to Part 1, the French-English, of this Dictionary—which really deserved the claim of "standard"—he described the genesis of this modern labour of Hercules, and the method pursued how Mr. Mansion indented his corps of sleuths, so to speak, whose job it was to track down any word or phrase coined by modern French writers and note it on a card. Of the procedure

llowed for the French renderings f English idioms we are given no kling here. But the scope and range the same as for Part 1—*i.e.*, the bject is to supply the French equivalent r any word or phrase that the reader ay come across in *any* newspaper. low much more transposition into nother idiom is than a mere rendering f words is illustrated, for example, by ie short snappy French phrase *dont acte* ' given here for the cumbrous The above constitutes legal publica- on.' On the other hand there are me surprising simplicities of transla- on, *e.g.*, *le jazz-hot* for ' hot jazz ".

The print is admirably clear—English dark type, or, in secondary phrases, italics, and there are none of those nfusing symbols and cross-references hich mar so many ambitious lexicons. he bibliography reveals a painstaking ttention to technicalities from every here. There are 1,500 pages and 8,000 entries, we are told, as against 28 pages and 58,000 in Part I.

W.H.C.

REST-LITOVSK. The Forgotten Peace, March, 1918, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Many questions of the moment are oodlit and revealed in their true roportions by this reconstruction of ie events preceding and following the eace of Brest-Litovsk which brought a close the German-Russian part of ie Great War. It is clear, for instance, iat, in the eyes of President Wilson, ie treatment of the hapless U.S.S.R. as a touchstone of German good faith nd that the Treaties of Brest-Litovsk nd Bucharest put paid to the idea of ie Fourteen Points as a " basis of egotiation " for the Armistice. This little piece of history deserves to be brought out to demolish the German propaganda case. On the other hand, the present hesitations of the Baltic States can only be fully comprehended against the background of the German-Russian contest of wits described with a wealth of dramatic detail here.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has a very special gift for making history live—which does not exclude a very careful sifting of the available source-material And he has had the benefit of personal contact with most of the principal figures on the Brest-Litovsk stage : Trotsky, Karl Radek, Kamenev on the one side and, on the other, the essentially civilized Richard von Kühlmann and the collaborators of the Austrian delegate, Count Czernin. His portrait of General Max Hoffman is unforgettable, and students of Com-

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munism will find here the authentic Lenin—of the 1917-18 period—and Leon Trotsky. It is, altogether, an important and essentially readable book.

THE WILD ASSES, by W. V. Emanuel. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Emanuel is a happy traveller with a gift for narrative. With a party of students, in all twelve men and ten women, he journeyed through Iran and back, reaching as far as Herat in Afghanistan. The adventures were many, most of them more amusing than dangerous, although unnecessary delay would sometimes turn amusement into annoyance. Mr. Emanuel, however, is not only concerned with entertaining his readers. Iran is an interesting country and Mr. Emanuel is anxious to impart the knowledge of a keen observer. That he does so without diverging from his main purpose is a measure of the book's success.

EUROPEAN JUNGLE, by F. Yeats-Brown. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The author of *Bengal Lancer* may be, and probably is, a splendid fellah to go tiger-shooting with : but as cicerone for a journey of exploration in the European Jungle he is scarcely reliable. His main qualifications seem to be a sovereign contempt for all that goes by the name of democracy—which he finds to be " mean materialism and sententious nonsense ", a substantial stock of upper-class English prejudices and, above all, a ' fixation ' about Communism. Thus, with delicious Blimpery he writes : " One must suppose that the British Foreign Office was acting under orders to please the Left-wing supporters of the Government when it asked for the help of the U.S.S.R.", and he suggests that the prevalent " Hitler-hate and Moscow mindedness, so to speak ", of people in England is due to the fact that ' big business ' runs our newspapers—'and it hates Fascism and Nazism but is no longer afraid of Communism '. Though at times interesting because of the author's independent approach this 400-page volume, which ranges over Russia, Italy, Germany, Hungary, Spain and the Balkans, is a thing of fantasy shreds and purple patches which fails to provide, as it might have done, a useful corrective to the chronic lamentations of the foreign newspaper correspondents.

FLY-TYING FOR TROUT, by Eric Taverner. *Seeley Service.* 5*s.*

Anglers are permanently indebted to Mr. Eric Taverner for his team-work in the two outstanding volumes on Salmon and Trout fishing in the Lonsdale series. A further contribution to the library of sport is now offered in this compact little book on the whole art of tying trout-flies, with details of the principal dressings including two colour plates and fifty-six other illustrations.

Many fishermen never pass beyond the stage of fly-trying for the elusive trout. There is, however, a fearful joy awaiting those who will cultivate the art of *fly-tying.* It is an art adding immensely to the pleasure of fishing and obviously also to the chance of catching. For the man who reads the trout's menu on the spot and acts accordingly, deserves the homage of their lives which the trout refrain from offering to the lesser breed of men the mere fly-triers in contrast to the expert fly-tiers.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY *public.*

The monthly review, a *genre* which has no exact parallel outside England, has to cater for a distinctive public—of well-read, well-informed men and women who want light and leading on the dominant issues of the day free from the dead hand of the specialist. Its appeal is—must be—wide and deep: and it has to operate on several planes of interest at the same time. In our August, 1939, number this catholicity is clearly apparent. Topical questions receive their due share of attention—and specifically the all-pervading Axis. But chief interest attaches to those articles which deal with problems of the background or middle distance of contemporary affairs: the state or fate of parliamentary government, the deeper significance of events in the Far East, the strategy to be served by the new weapon of the bombing aeroplane—and the manifold racial and sociological aspects of colour (pigmentation).

E. F. Podach, to whom we are indebted for this last-named rather unusual subject, is the author of a number of psychological studies, with special reference to Nietzsche's mental breakdown. He is now the principal scientific correspondent of the *Zürcher Zeitung*.

J. M. Spaight contributes another of the deft studies on contemporary aviation problems of which he has been prolific since he retired from a high position in the Air Ministry three years ago. 'Bombing Policy' is a sane, unhysterical facing up to what may befall. An article which may perhaps be read in conjunction with it is that by a German exile, **W. F. Necker,** who has been giving special attention to questions of strategy, economic and military, ever since he left Germany in July, 1933. A book from his pen on this subject will be published shortly.

Sir John Pratt, K.B.E., brings the knowledge and weight of a career given up to the affairs of China to his examination of the fundamentals of the Far Eastern clash. From being a Student Interpreter he graduated to the Consular Service, later into the Foreign Office. When he retired last year he was head of the Far Eastern Department.

An old friend of THE FORTNIGHTLY—one who has brought the review much lustre—is **Sir John Marriott.** Known as a prolific historian, Sir John has set himself on this occasion to criticize the critics of constitutional developments in the United Kingdom to whom we have recently given their head. As an M.P. for several years, the author of a work on 'English Political Institutions'

in 1910 and of another on 'Syndicalism : Economic and Political' in 1921, Sir John is well fitted to grapple with D. W. Brogan, the newly elected Professor of Political Science at Cambridge, and S. G. Hobson, the pioneer of the syndicalist idea.

Sir John Marriott is in his eightieth year. The author of the centenary study of Pater which we include runs him close, having been born in 1861. Years ago **H. C. Minchin** established a position for himself as an independent essayist, critic and reviewer—he has written *inter alia* 'Talks and Traits' and a study of Walter Savage Landor ; but it was not until the age of 40 that he launched away, after several years of unsatisfying schoolmastering.

First place is given this month to a highly personal contribution from the man who can justly claim the title of *artifex maximus* of the documentary film. In this branch of cinematics, at any rate, England leads, and mainly owing to the zeal and pertinacity of this versatile Scot, **John Grierson.** He wrote a special article for THE FORTNIGHTLY in July, 1936, on the Film Industry. Since that time he has continued to carve out a very special niche for himself and his coadjutors in this field.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

The departure of England's representatives for Stockholm on the occasion of the centenary celebrations, commemorating the death of Henry Ling, the great Swedish gymnast, offered the National Fitness Council a fine opportunity to show what England could do for fitness and health. A distinguished company was assembled by invitation at the Cambridge Theatre, London, on July 14 to watch demonstrations by men and women students of our physical training colleges, members of the National Boys and Girls' Clubs, the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A., and the League of Health and Beauty. All the demonstrations reached a very high standard and were enthusiastically applauded, as were the two films, produced by the National Fitness Council to be shown at the New York World Fair. At the conclusion of the demonstrations Lord Aberdare, Chairman of the National Fitness Council, made a brief speech wishing the teams a successful and enjoyable time at the Lingiad.

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Sweden is also the home of an International Summer School this year, the school being open from June until the beginning of September, at St. George's Court, Viggbyholm. The course is open to young people of all nationalities who wish to know more about the religious, social and cultural conditions in the world to-day ; who want to live for a short time with their fellows from other countries and who perhaps feel their responsibility for the future of mankind. The study programme includes language groups for beginners and advanced students conducted by native leaders in French, English, Swedish, German and Russian. Lectures and discussions on and study groups in, The Present Situation in Different Countries and their History and Culture, The History of Culture from the Earliest Times, Problems of Our Time, The Individual and Society, Christianity in Different Countries, Economic Geography, Appreciation of Music, Sweden Past and Present, Folk Dancing, National Songs, etc. It also includes practical work such as weaving, gardening, domestic work, etc. Recreation includes swimming, rowing, tennis, and organized walks. Golf and riding (extra fee). St. George's Court stands on a hill overlooking the Baltic Sea. Surrounding the centre there are meadows, and forests of pines, firs and birches. Stockholm is reached by a frequent train service in just over half an hour. The fees inclusive of board, lodging, and tuition are 400 Kronor for the full term or 150 Kronor per month. There is also the possibility of camping for which the fees are 300 Kr. for the full term or 110 Kr. per month (in one's own tent). A deposit of 20 Kr. should be sent with application. (Present

rate of exchange 19.45 Kr. to the £1). Students travelling via the Swedish Lloyd line from Tilbury are entitled to a reduction on return passage of 30 shillings first and 20 shillings third class.

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The National Book Fair will be held this year at Earls Court, from October 6 to October 23 inclusive. Readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY will be glad to have the opportunity of booking the date, for the Book Fair has become an event of real importance not only for publishers but for the public as well. As for the authors they must regard the event with mixed feelings. Forced to look their public in the face they must sometimes tremble for their reputations. But they need not worry. A real live author is, to some sections of the public at least, every bit as attractive as the Giant Panda is to others.

* * * * * *

The National Institute of Industrial Psychology has issued a Report of unusual interest on the subject of rest-pauses and refreshments in factories. The results are based on information obtained by means of personal interviews with responsible officials in 1,050 factories, employing about 305,000 workpeople. Equal numbers of factories were visited in seven industrial areas of Great Britain—London, Cardiff, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Glasgow. A wide variety of industries was included, though such non-factory activities as mining, building, transport, shipbuilding, the distributive trades and offices were omitted. It is emphasized that the object of the inquiry was not to influence employers on the subject of rest-pauses, or to give advice, but simply to record the facts of existing practice, and to discuss the views of those who contributed to the inquiry. It was found that 52.9 per cent. of the factories visited made provision for official rest-pauses, either in the morning or afternoon. The percentages for the factories in the London, Birmingham and Manchester areas were notably high, and the Report discusses the reasons for the lower percentages of other areas. A rest-pause of ten minutes taken two hours after the beginning of a 4½-hour shift in the morning, and a 4-hour shift in the afternoon was the most frequent occurrence.

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The Royal London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind employ at Salusbury Road, N.W.6, one hundred blind men who earn their livelihood by repairing shoes. Each of these men has received an extensive period of training and is a skilled craftsman. The Society require 5,000 pairs of shoes weekly for repairing in order to keep their men fully employed.